THE GREATEST National Weekly Newspaper IN THE UNITED STATES

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

CIRCULATION OVER 225,000 EACH WEEK. SAMPLES COPIES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1913 SEVENTY-EIGHTH YEAR, NO. 48

The MELTING of MOLLY

BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

LEAF FIRST

The Bachelor's-Buttons.

Yes, I truly think that in all the world there is nothing so dead as a young widow's deceased husband, and God ought to give His wisest messenger special charge concerning looking after her and the devil at the same time. They both need it! I don't know how all this is going to end and I wish my mind wasn't in a kind of tingle. However, I'll do the best I can and not hold myself at all responsible for myself, and then who will there be to blame?

There are a great many kinds of goodfeeling in this world, from radiant joy down to perfect bliss, but this spring I have got an attack of best old-fashioned happiness that looks as if it might become chronic.

I am so happy that I planted my garden all crooked, my eyes upon the clouds with the birds sailing against them, and when I became conscious I found wicked flaunting poppies shouted right up against the sweet modest clover-pinks, while the whole paper of bachelor's-buttons was sowed over everything—which I immediately began to dig right up again, blushing furiously to myself over the trowel, and glad that I had caught myself before they grew up to laugh in my face. However, I got that laugh anyway, and I might just as well have had it them, for Billy ran to the gate and called Doctor John to come in and make Molly stop digging up his nations. Billy claims everything in his garden, and he thought they would grow up into the kind of buttons you go out of a gun.

"So you're digging up the bachelor-ups, Mrs. Molly?" the doctor asked as he leaned over the gate. I went right on digging without looking up at him. I couldn't look up because I was blushing still worse. Sometimes I hate that man, and if he wasn't Billy's father I wouldn't neighbor with him as I do. But somebody has to look after Billy.

I believe it will be a real relief to write down how I feel about him in this old book and I shall do it whenever I can't stand him any longer, and if he gave the horrid, red leather thing to me to make me miserable, he won't do it; not this spring! I wish I dared to burn it up and forget about it, but I don't! This record on the first page is enough to reduce me—to tears, and I wonder why it doesn't. I weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, down in black and white, and it is a tragedy! I don't believe that man at the grocery store is so very reliable in his weights, though he had a very pleasant smile while he was weighing me. Still I had better get some scales of my own, smiles are so deceptive.

I am five feet three inches tall or short, whichever way one looks at me. I thought I was taller, but I suppose I will have to believe my own yardstick.

But as to my waist measure, I positively refuse to write that down, even if I have promised Doctor John a dozen times over to do it, while I only really left him to suppose I would. It is bad enough to know that your belt has to be reduced to twenty-three inches without putting down how much it measures now in figures to insult myself with. No, I intend to have this for my happy spring.

Yes, I suppose it would have been a little better for my happiness if I had kept quiet about it all, but at the time I thought I had to advise with him over the matter. Now I'm sorry I did. That is one thing about being a widow, you are accustomed to advising with a man, whether you want to or not, and you can't get over the habit right away. Poor Mr. Carter has been dead much over a year and I must be missing him most awfully, though just lately I can't remember not to forget about him a great deal of the time. Now if he had been here! Horrors!

Still, that letter was enough to upset anybody, and no wonder I ran right across my garden, through Billy's hedge-hole and over into Doctor John's office to tell him about it; but I ought not to have been agitated enough to let him take the letter right out of my hand and read it.

"So after ten years Al Bennett is coming back to pop his bachelor's-buttons at you, Mrs. Molly?" he said in the deep drawling voice he always uses when he makes fun of Billy and me and which never fails to make us both mad. I didn't look at him directly, but I felt his hand shake with the letter in it.

"Not ten, only eight! He went when he was seventeen," I answered with asperity, wishing I dared be snappy with him; though I never am.

"And after eight years he wants to come back and find you squeezed into that twenty-inch-waist, blue muslin rag you wore at parting? No wonder Al didn't succeed at bank clerking, but had to make his hit at diplomacy and the high arts. Some hit at that to be stationed at Saint James! He's such a big gun that it is a pity he had to return to his native heath and find in such a slight disappointment as a one-yard waist measure around his—"

"Oh, it's not, it's not that much." I nearly gasped and I couldn't help the tears coming into my eyes. I have never said much about it, but nobody knows how it hurts me to be all this fat. Just writing it down in a book mortifies me dreadfully. It's been coming on worse and worse every year since I married. Poor Mr. Carter had a very good appetite and I don't know why I should have felt that I had to do so much every day to keep him company; I wasn't always so considerate of him. Then he didn't want me to dance any more because married women oughtn't, or ride horseback either—no amusement left but himself and weekly prayer-meetings, and—and—I just couldn't help the tears coming and dripping as I thought about it all and that awful waist measure in inches.

"Stop crying this minute, Molly," said Doctor John suddenly in the deep voice he uses to Billy and me when we are really sick or stump-toed. "You know I was only teasing you and I won't stand for—"

But I sobbed some more. I like him when his eyes come out from under his bushy brows and are all tender and full of sorry for us.

"I can't help it," I gulped in my sleeve. "I did used to like Alfred Bennett. My heart almost broke when he went away. I used to be beautiful and slim, and now I feel as if my own fat ghost has come to haunt me all my life. I am so ashamed! If a woman can't cry over her own dead beauty, what can she cry over?" By this time I was really crying.

Then what happened to me was that Doctor John took me by the shoulders and gave me one good shake and then made me look him right in the eyes through the tears and all.

"You foolish child," he said in the deepest voice I almost ever heard him use. "You are just a lovely, round, luscious peach, but if you will be happier to have Al Bennet come and find you as slim as a string-bean I can show you how to do it. Will you do just as I tell you?"

"Yes, I will," I sniffed in a comforted voice. What woman wouldn't be comforted by being called a "luscious peach." I looked out between my fingers to see what more he was going to say, but he had turned to a shelf and taken down two books.

"Now," he said in his most business-like voice, as cool as a bucket of water fresh from the spring, "it is no trouble at all to take off your surplus avoirdupois at the rate of two and a half pounds a week if you follow these directions. As I take it you are about 25 pounds over your normal weight. It will take over two months to reduce you and we will allow an extra month for further beautifying, so that when Mr. Bennett arrives he will find the lady of his adoration in proper trim to be adored. Yes, just be still until I copy these directions in this little, red leather blank-book for you, and every day I want you to keep an exact record of the conditions of which I make note. No, don't talk while I make out these diet lists. I wish you would go across the hall and see if you don't think we ought to get Bill a thinner set of nightdrawers. It seems to me he must be too warm in the ones he is wearing."

When he speaks to me in that tone of voice I always do it. And I needed Billy badly at that very moment. I took him out of his little cot by Doctor John's big bed and sat down with him in my arms over by the window through which the early moon came streaming. Billy is so little, little not to have a mother to rock him all the times he needs it that I take every opportunity to give it to him I find—when he's unconscious and can't help himself. She died before she ever even saw him and I've always tried to do what I could to make it up to him.

Poor Mr. Carter said when Billy cut his teeth that a neighbor's baby can be worse than twins of your own. He didn't like children and the baby's crying disturbed him, so many a night I walked Billy out in the garden until daylight, while Mr. Carter and Doctor John both slept. Always his little, warm, wilty body has comforted me for the emptiness of not having a baby of my own. And he's very congenial, too, for he's slim and flowery, pink and dimply, and as mannish as his father, in funny little flashes.

"Git a stick to punch it, Molly," he was murmuring in his sleep. Then I heard the doctor call me and I had to kiss him, put him back in his bed, and go across the hall.

Doctor John was standing by the table with this horrid small book in his hand and his mouth was set in a straight line and his eyes were deep back under their brows. I hate him that way, too, and I would like to get up so close to him that he couldn't hit me or have a door locked between us. It's strange how the thought of taking a beating from a man can make a woman's heart jump. Mine jumped so it was hard to look as meek as I felt best under the circumstances; but I looked it out from under my lashes cautiously.

"There you are, Mrs. Molly," he said briskly as he handed me this book. "Get weighed and measured and sized-up generally in the morning and follow all the directions. Also make every record I have noted so that I can have the proper data to help you as you go along—or rather down. And if you will be faithful about it to me, or rather Al, I think we can be sure of buttoning that blue muslin dress without even the aid of the buttonhook." His voice had the "if you can" note in it that always sets me off.

"Had we better get the kiddie some thinner night-rigging?" he hastened to ask as I was just about to explode. He knows the signs.

"Thank you, Doctor Moore! I hate the very ground you walk on and I'll attend to those nightclothes myself tomorrow," I answered, and I sailed out of that office and down the path toward my own house beyond his hedge. But I carried this book tight in my hand and I made up my mind that I would do it all if it killed me. I would show him I could be faithful—to whom I would decide later on. But I hadn't read far into this book when I committed myself to myself like that!

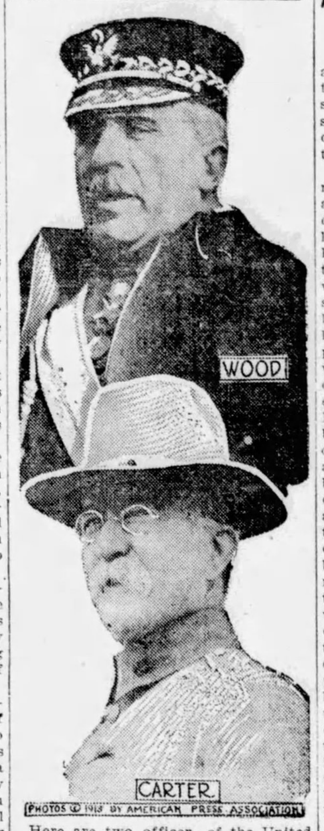
I don't know just how long I sat on the front steps all by myself bathed in a perfect flood of moonlight and loneliness. It was not a bit of comfort to hear Aunt Adeline snoring away in her room down the dark hall. It takes the greatest congeniality to make a person's snoring a pleasure to anybody and Aunt Adeline and I are not that way.

When poor Mr. Carter died, the next day she said: "Now, Mary, you are entirely too young to live all your long years of widowhood here alone, and as I am in the same condition, I will rent my cottage and move right up the street into your house to protect and console you." And she did—the moving and the protecting.

Mr. Henderson has been dead 42

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

U. S. Army Head and General in Charge of Troops on Border



Here are two officers of the United States army who are now in the public eye because of the trouble over Mexico. Major General Leonard Wood is head of the army staff and Major General William H. Carter is in charge of the troops stationed near Galveston, Tex. In case intervention comes General Wood will take the field himself, in all probability. General Carter is prepared to move his men from Galveston to Vera Cruz, Mexico at a moment's notice.

Swordfish

THERE has been a record-breaking catch of swordfish in Nova Scotian waters. The 1913 "harvest" is estimated at 1,500,000 pounds. The principal market in the United States for Nova Scotia swordfish is Boston. A Halifax fisherman, in discussing the catch with American Consul Young, said: "You might say every boat that has a gasoline engine in her is chasing the swordfish, and their number may run into the thousands, for, aside from the fascination of the work, the cost of outfitting amounts to but a few dollars. All that is needed is to have a wooden runway built out on the bowsprit to stand on; a shaft and a few kegs and darts to complete the gear. Sailing out five miles or so offshore the masthead lookout sights the fish near the surface, sun basking, with their telltale dorsal fins sticking out of the water. The vessel sneaks alongside and away goes the harpoon. The tiny dart flies off the shaft, which is retained by the holder, and as it sinks into the side of the swordfish a long line and keg buoy attached are thrown overboard after it; thus the fish makes off at terrific speed to tire himself out. When completely fagged in a distance of about two or three miles the fish stays anchored by the keg. This is watched by the masthead lookout and acts as a finder." Swordfish usually run in schools of about 12 and return to their winter haunts around Florida and the Gulf of Mexico when cold weather sets in.

Flag Signals of War Times

FLAGS that were used to signal during the Civil War battles were used at many of the recent anniversaries held by the veterans of the North and of the South.

At Gettysburg and at Chattanooga the tattered signal flags of priceless value have been used this year to wig-wag verses of blessing and peace from mountain to mountain. The same flags whose every dip meant some bloody, frightful move of battle have this year been used to speak the words of the Prince of Peace.

A most persistent member of the Veteran Signal Corps Association is Lieutenant George Carr Round, now of Manassas, Va., and recently elected president of the organization.

On the last day of the Gettysburg event, Lieutenant Round arranged an appropriate ceremony for the close of that wonderful week of reunion, and flashed "Peace good will to men" from Little Round Top, while an answer, waved with a fifty-year-old signal flag, came from a neighboring height. At Chattanooga, a short time ago, he re-established a signal station at the top of Kenesaw Mountain.

On each day of the encampment a significant message was flashed from some point around which the wartime memories cling with never dying tenacity. The first of these messages, flagged at high noon by Lieutenant George Carr Round, was on Lookout Mountain, and his assistant was Robert M. Green of Oroville, Cal., who was a flagman in Lieutenant Round's division on the dome of the North Carolina state capitol in April, 1865. The message on the first day was taken from the verse of George D. Prentice:

Historic mount, baptized in flame and blood,
Thy name is as immortal as the rocks
That crowned thy thunder-scarred but royal brow.

On the second day, Lieutenant Round and Captain B. L. Goulding, the latter an old-time member of the Confederate Signal Corps, exchanged signals across Chattanooga. It was one of the features of the encampment, carrying with it the fraternity which now marks the bond between the once bitter fighters of the two armies. The two signal men exchanged Charles Wesley's verse, beginning:

Blow ye the trumpet, blow;
The year of jubilee is come.

Upon the third day Captain Goulding took his station on Cameron hill, with a white and red flag, and in the code of half a century ago he wig-wagged:

Oh, say, does the star spangled banner still wave!

Lieutenant Round, with his United States signal veterans standing on the tip of Lookout Mountain, responded with waving flags:

The star spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Following this, the two famous signal men opened twin stations on Cameron Hill, within easy view of the city, and upon the fourth day, Lieutenant Round called with his flag "234-143," which was war-time code for "Confederate States." Captain Goulding responded with the code numbers for "United States." Lientenant Round then flashed the inscription on the Kentucky monument at Chattanooga:

"As we are united in life and they are united in death, let one monument perpetuate their deeds and one people, forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict which made all men free and retained every star on the nation's flag."

The Confederate veteran signal man responded "Amen and Amen."

The Union flags spoke:

"The Lord bless us and keep us. The Lord lifted up on us the light of his countenance and give us peace, now and forever more."

Off on Cameron Hill, Captain Goulding caught the message and responded:

"Peace, now and evermore! Amen!"

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Published by Special Arrangement with The Outlook, of Which Theodore Roosevelt Is the Contributing Editor. Through the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, Copyright 1913, by the Outlook Company. All Rights Reserved, Including Rights of Translation.

THE New Forest of England is a wild, uninhabited stretch of heath and woodland, many of the trees gnarled and aged, and its very wildness, the lack of cultivation, the ruggedness, made it strongly attractive to my eyes, and suggested my own country. The birds of course were much less plentiful than beside the Itchen.

The bird that most impressed me on my walk was the blackbird. I had already heard nightingales in abundance near Lake Como, and had also listened to larks, but I had never heard either the blackbird, the song thrush, or the blackcap warbler; and while I knew that all three were good singers, I did not know what really beautiful singers they were. Blackbirds were very abundant, and they played a prominent part in the chorus which we heard throughout the day on every hand, though perhaps loudest the following morning at dawn. In its habits and manners the blackbird strikingly resembles our American robin, and indeed looks exactly like a robin with a yellow bill and coal-black plumage. It hops everywhere over the lawns, just as our robin does, and it lives and nests in the gardens in the same fashion. Its song has a general resemblance to that of our robin, but many of the notes are far more musical, more like those of our wood thrush. Indeed, there were individuals among those we heard certain of whose notes seemed to me almost to equal in point of melody the chimes of the wood thrush; and the highest possible praise for any song-bird is to liken its song to that of the wood thrush or hermit thrush. I certainly do not think that the blackbird has received full justice in the books. I knew that he was a singer, but I really had no idea how fine a singer he was. I suppose one of his troubles has been his name, just as with our own catbird. When he appears in the ballads as the merle, bracketed with his cousin the mavis, the song thrush, it is far easier to recognize him as the master singer that he is. It is a fine thing for England to have such an asset of the countryside, a bird so common, so much in evidence, so fearless, and such a really beautiful singer.

Singers in the Bird Choir.

The thrush is a fine singer too, a better singer than our American robin, but to my mind not at the best quite as good as the black bird at his best; although often I found difficulty in telling the song of one from the song of the other, especially if I heard two or three notes.

The larks were, of course, exceedingly attractive. It was fascinating to see them spring from the grass, circle upwards, steadily singing and soaring for several minutes, and then return to the point whence they had started. As my companion pointed out, they exactly fulfilled Wordsworth's description; they soared but did not roam. It is quite impossible wholly to differentiate a bird's voice from its habits and surroundings. Although in the lark's song there are occasional musical notes, the song as a whole is not very musical; but it is so joyous, buoyant, and unbroken, and uttered under such conditions, as fully to entitle the bird to the place he occupies with both poet and prose writer.

The most musical singer we heard was the blackcap warbler. To my ear its song seemed more musical than that of the nightingale. It was astonishingly powerful for so small a bird; in volume and continuity it does not come up to the songs of the thrushes and of certain other birds, but in quality, as an isolated bit of melody, it can hardly be surpassed.

Among the minor singers the robin was noticeable. We all know this pretty little bird from the books, and I was prepared to find him as friendly and attractive as he proved to be, but I had not realized how well he sang. It is not a loud song, but very musical and attractive, and the bird is said to sing practically all through the year. The song of the wren interested me much, because it was not in the least like that of our house wren, but, on the contrary, like that of our winter wren. The theme is the same as the winter wren's, but the song did not seem to me to be as brilliantly musical as that of the tiny singer of the north woods. The sedge warbler sang in the thick reeds a mocking ventriloqual lay, which reminded me at times of the less pronounced parts of our yellow-breasted chat's song. The cuckoo's cry was singularly attractive and musical, far more so than the rolling, many times repeated note of our rain-row.

We did not reach the inn at Brockenhurst until about 9 o'clock, just at nightfall, and a few minutes before that we heard a night-jar. It did not sound in the least like either our whippoorwill or our night-hawk, uttering a long-continued call of one or two syllables, repeated over and over. The chaffinch was very much in evidence, continually chaunting its unimportant little ditty. I was pleased to see the bold, masterful missel thrush, the stormcock as it is often called; but this bird breeds and sings in the early spring, when the weather is still tempestuous, and had long been silent when we saw it. The starlings, rocks, and jackdaws did not sing, and their calls were attractive merely as the calls of our grackles are attractive; and the other birds that we heard sing, though they played their part in the general chorus, were performers of no especial note, like our tree-creepers, pine warbles, and chipping-sparrows. The great spring chorus had already begun to subside, but the woods and fields were still vocal with beautiful bird music, the country was very lovely, the inn as comfortable as possible, and the bath and supper very enjoyable after our tramp; and altogether I passed no pleasanter 24 hours during my entire European trip.

Back to the Home Birds.

Ten days later, at Sagamore Hill, I was among my own birds, and was much interested as I listened to and looked at them in remembering the notes and actions of the birds I had seen in England. On the evening of the first day I sat in my rocking chair on the broad veranda, looking across the Sound towards the glory of the sunset. The thickly grassed hillside sloped down in front of me to a belt of forest from which rose the golden, leisurely chiming of the wood thrushes, chanting their vespers; through the still air came the warble of vireo and tanager; and after nightfall we heard the flight song of an ovenbird from the same belt of timber. Overhead an oriole sank in the weeping elm, now and then breaking his song to scold like an overgrown wren. Song-sparrows and catbirds sang in the shrubbery; one robin had built its nest over the front and one over the back door, and there was a chippy's nest in the wistaria vine by the stoop. During the next 24 hours I saw and heard, either right around the house or while walking down to bathe, through the woods, the following 42 birds:

Little green heron, night heron, red-tailed hawk, yellow-billed cuckoo, kingfisher, flicker, humming-bird, swift, meadow-lark, red-winged blackbird, sharp-tailed finch, song-sparrow, chipping sparrow, bush-sparrow, purple finch, Baltimore oriole, cowbunting, robin, wood thrush, thrasher, catbird, scarlet tanager, red-eyed vireo, yellow warbler, black-throated green warbler, king-bird, wood peewee, crow, blue jay, cedar-bird, Maryland yellowthroat, chickadee, black and white creeper, barn swallow, white-breasted swallow, ovenbird, thistle-finch, vesper-finch, indigo bunting, towhee, grasshopper-sparrow, and screech owl.

In Full Song.

The birds were still in full song, for on Long Island there is little abatement in the chorus until about the second week of July, when the blossoming of the chestnut trees patches the woodland with forthy greenish-yellow.

Our most beautiful singers are the wood thrushes; they sing not only in the early morning but throughout the long, hot June afternoons. Sometimes they sing in the trees immediately around the house, and if the air is still we can always hear them from among the tall trees at the foot of the hill. The thrashers sing in the hedgerows beyond the garden, the catbirds everywhere. The catbirds have such an attractive song that it is extremely irritating to know that at any moment they may interrupt it to mew and squeal. The bold, cherry music of the robins always seems typical of the bold, cheery birds themselves. The Baltimore orioles nest in the young elms around the house, and the orchard orioles in the apple trees near the garden and outbuildings. Among the earliest sounds of spring is the cheerful, simple, homely song of the song-sparrow; and in March we also hear the piercing cadence of the meadow-lark—to us one of the most attractive of all bird calls. Of late years, now and then, we hear the rollicking, bubbling melody of the bobolink in the pastures back of the barn; and when the full chorus of these and of many other of the singers of spring is dying down, there are some true hot weather songsters, such as the brightly hued indigo buntings and thistle finches. Among the finches one of the most musical and plaintive songs is that of the bush-sparrow—I do not know why the books call it field sparrow, for it does not dwell in the open fields, like the vesper-finch, the savannah-sparrow and the grasshopper-sparrow, but among the cedars and bayberry bushes and young locusts in the same places where the prairie warbler is found. Nor is it only the true songs that delight us. We love to hear the flickers call, and we readily pardon any one of their number which, as occasionally happens, is bold enough to wake us in the early morning by drumming on the shingles of the roof. In our ears the red-winged blackbirds have a very attractive note. We love the screaming of the red-tailed hawks as they soar high overhead, and even the calls of the night-herron that nest in the tall water maples by one of the wood ponds on our place, and the little green herrons that nest beside the salt marsh. It is hard to tell just how much of the attraction in any bird-note lies in the music itself and how much in the associations. This is what makes it so useless to try to compare the bird songs of one country with those of another. A man who is worth anything can no more be entirely impartial in speaking of the bird songs with which from his earliest childhood he has been familiar than he can be entirely impartial in speaking of his own family.

Things Prized at Sagamore Hill.

At Sagamore Hill we love a great many things—birds and trees and books, and all things beautiful, and horses and rifles and children and hard work and the joy of life. We have great fireplaces and in them the logs roar and crackle during the long winter evenings. The big piazza is for the hot, still afternoons of summer. As in every house there are things that appeal to the householder because of their associations, but which would not mean much to others. Naturally, any man who has been President, and filled other positions, accumulates such things, with scant regard to his own personal merits. Perhaps our most cherished possessions are a Remington bronze, "The Broncho Buster," given me by my men when the regiment was mustered out, and a big Tiffany silver vase given to Mrs. Roosevelt by the enlisted men of the battleship Louisiana after we returned from a cruise on that vessel to Panama. It was a real surprise gift, presented to her in the White House, on behalf of the whole crew, by four as strapping man-of-war's-men as ever swung a turret or pointed a 12-inch gun. The enlisted men of the army I already knew well—of course I knew well the officers of both army and navy. But the enlisted men of the navy I grew to know well only when I was President. On the Louisiana Mrs. Roosevelt and I once dined at the chief petty officers' mess, and on another battleship, the Missouri (when I was in company with Admiral Evans and Captain Cowles) and again on the Sylph and on the Mayflower, we also dined as guests of the crew. When we finished our trip on the Louisiana I made a short speech to the assembled crew, and at its close one of the petty officers, the very picture of what a man-of-war's-man should look like proposed three cheers for me in terms that struck me as curiously illustrative of America at her best; he said: "Now, then, men, three cheers for Theodore Roosevelt, the typical American citizen!" That was the way in which they thought of the American President—and a very good way, too. It was an expression that would have come naturally only to men in whom the American principles of government and life were ingrained, just as they were ingrained in the men of my regiment. I need scarcely add, but I will add for the benefit of those who do not know, that this attitude of self-respecting identification of interest and purpose is not only compatible with, but can only exist when there is fine and real discipline, as thorough and genuine as the discipline that has always obtained in the most formidable fighting fleets and armies. The discipline and the mutual respect are complementary, not antagonistic. During the presidency, all of us, but especially the children, became close friends with many of the sailor men. The four bearers of the vase to Mrs. Roosevelt were promptly hailed as delightful big brothers by our two smallest boys, who at once took them to see the sights of Washington in the landau—"the President's land-ho!" as, with seafaring humor, our guests immediately styled it. Once, after we were in private life again, Mrs. Roosevelt was in a railway station and had some difficulty with her ticket. A fine-looking, quiet man stepped up and asked if he could be of help; he remarked that he had been one of the Mayflower's crew and knew us well; and in answer to a question explained that he had left the navy in order to study dentistry, and added—a delicious touch—that while thus preparing himself to be a dentist he was earning the necessary money to go on with his studies by practicing the profession of a prize-fighter, being a good man in the ring.

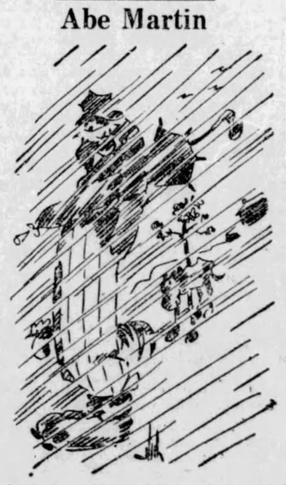
There are various bronzes in the house: Saint-Gaudens' "Puritan," a token from my staff officers when I was governor; Proctor's cougar, the gift of the tennis cabinet—who also gave us a beautiful silver bowl, which is always lovingly pronounced to rhyme with "owl" because that was the pronunciation used at the time of the giving by the valued friend who acted as spokesman for his fellow-members, and who was himself the only non-American member of the said cabinet. There is a horseman by Macmonnies, and a big bronze vase by Kemys, an adaptation or development of the pottery vases of the southwestern Indians. Mixed with all of these are gifts from varied sources, ranging from a brazen Buddha sent me by the Dalai Lama and a wonderful psalter from the Emperor Menelik to a priceless ancient Samurai sword coming from Japan in remembrance of the peace of Portsmouth, and a beautifully inlaid miniature suit of Japanese armor given me by a favorite hero of mine, Admiral Togo, when he visited Sagamore Hill. There are things from European friends; a mosaic picture of Pope Leo XIII. in his garden; a huge, very handsome edition of the Nibelungenlied; a striking miniature of John Hampden from Windsor Castle; editions of Dante, and the campaigns of "Eugenio von Savoy" (another of my heroes, a dead here this time); a Viking cup; the state sword of a Uganda king; the gold box in which the "freedom of the city of London" was given me; a beautiful head of Abraham Lincoln given me by the French authorities after my speech at the Sorbonne; and many other things from sources as diverse as the Sultan of Turkey and the Dowager Empress of China. Then there are things from home friends; a polar bear skin from Peary; a Sioux buffalo robe painted by some long-dead Sioux artist, the picture story of Custer's fight; a bronze portrait plaque of Joel Chandler Harris; the candlestick used in sealing the Treaty of Portsmouth, sent me by Captain Cameron Winslow; a shoe worn by Dan Patch when he paced a mile in 1:59, sent me by his owner. There is a picture of a bull moose by Carl Rungius, which seems to me as spirited an animal painting as I have ever seen. In the north room, with its tables and mantlepiece and desks and chests made of woods sent from the Philippines by army friends or by other friends for other reasons, with its bison and wapiti heads, there are three paintings by Marcus Symonds—"Where Light and Shadow Meet," "The Porcelain Towers" and "The Seats of the Mighty;" he is dead now, and he had scant recognition while he lived, yet surely he was a great imaginative artist, a wonderful colorist, and a man with a vision more wonderful still. There is one of Lungren's pictures of the Western plains; and a picture of the Grand Canyon; and one by a Scandinavian artist who could see the fierce picturesqueness of workaday Pittsburg; and sketches of the White House by Sargent and Hopkinson Smith.

Rest Day for Horses

Boston Globe.

ONE of the so-called blue laws of Connecticut forbids the working of horses or work teams on Sunday unless a permit is issued by the municipality. A movement has just been started in that state looking toward the enforcement of this law about whose provisions lately not much attention has been paid. The agitation springs from humanitarian motives and is deserving of commendation. Men who work hard six days in the week are glad enough to rest on the seventh day, the change of scene and the recreation thus obtained aiding in preserving health. Is the case of a horse any different? Doesn't it seem reasonable that a horse used every day in the week will wear out much more quickly and prove less useful? Common sense says, "Yes." Other states besides Connecticut will do well to see that the horse is given a square deal. Kind and wise owners will do this without the passing of legislation, but to check thoughtless and selfish men statutes are needed.

Abe Martin



I reckon lots o' boys leave th' farm because they git tired o' tame oats.

The Absolutism of Kaiser Wilhelm

Milwaukee Wisconsin.

THE incredible suggestion comes from Berlin that the Reichstag may rebuke the kaiser's interference with the choice of plans for the German embassy building at Washington by refusing to grant the funds necessary for the construction of the edifice.

Beyond dispute the conduct of the kaiser must have been surprising to the architects and disheartening to the particular architect whose plans were approved by the committee. There were upward of 300 competitors, it appears, but the kaiser swept aside the choice of the committee and nominated the chief court architect to perform the work. It is said that Peter Behrens, one of the greatest architects in Germany, was put on the jury to which the rival plans were submitted for the very purpose of making his plans ineligible. Behrens is not popular at court. He designed the German embassy at St. Petersburg, a building which has been sharply criticised by the kaiser, though German architects admire and approve the design.

The dispatch from Berlin no doubt is phrased with more freedom than would be deemed advisable by any writer for publication in Germany. It recalls the uproar which followed outspoken sentiments by the kaiser on the subject of Germany's international relations in 1908 and the concession which the kaiser made at that time to the judgment of his chancellor, Prince von Buelow, which led the prince to remark: "We have won the battle of parliamentary institutions over absolutism."

The kaiser's action in the matter of the embassy plans is evidence enough that there still are fields in which he feels privileged to consult his own taste and make it answer for that of the nation. It will be interesting to see the outcome of this controversy. That it will result in the kaiser's humiliation, while not impossible, seems most unlikely.

The bureau of forestry of the Philippine islands will send tropical timbers to the United States forest service, so that their suitability for fine furniture veneers may be ascertained.

THE MIDLANDERS

BY CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER XI.

The Daughter of Jezebel.

"Leave it to us," retorted Hen. "Morris read this here play to us last night—four acts, and in the third they blow up the mill."

Mr. Curran sat down on the platform. "Henu, are you in earnest?"

"Going to clean op the state. Morris got an option on a lot of scenery that was made up for the Millie the Model company; and it blew up, and the stuff's in Dubuque stored. And wait till you see our paper. Morris, here, telegraphed for his booking agent to pick up some people. All to the candy—eh, Ben?"

"Right there," said Ben. "And if this Millie the Model scenery doesn't fit Hanbury's piece, he's willing to rewrite the play to fit the scenery."

Wiley sighed: "Hen, you and Ben are wonders!"

"No, we're out for the coin this trip. And to give that little girl a chance. Honest," continued Hen thoughtfully, "she's got me going. And besides Ben and me got fifty thousand dollars of Tulare oil stock to unload and we thought maybe if we spread on this show, it'll advertise us."

Wiley looked his concern. "Now, it's all straight, Wiley," went on Hen, "and you can say so in your little old sore-backed newspaper. Morris, here, will give you a column of dope that will make this old town weak in the pins."

Still Wiley hesitated; he was supersensitive to a degree about anything concerning money despite his unpaid bills. "I—I—don't like it, boys. You see this girl—Well!" he floundered—for an instant Harlan's name was on his lips . . . then, after all, what did he know of Harlan and Aurelie? He went on doggedly: "She's a good little girl, Hen—after all."

"Bet she is," retorted Hen—"and I'm going to see she gets her chance."

The editor watched the machine roll up High Street. He went in and sat at his old desk, and lighted his old pipe, and stared at his old shop. He wished that sometime he would grow up.

Holiness University was a square new university with a mansard roof two miles west of Rome on the Earlville road. It was softened a bit by the beautiful campus sloping to Sinsinawa Creek, but the plaster of its bricks were as ras as its curriculum, and the bricks were as hard as its faith. It is a forlorn county of Iowa that does not have two universities, three academies, one seminary, and a Chautauqua, for every migration of the early comers brought its own theology and education, from the Church of the Hollanders to the Dunkards, and every variety of Protestantism; and each planted the seed of dispute and thereafter, as the fat land grew, belabored all classes for support of the spindling institutions.

The Holiness Brethren were new in the land, but strong of voice and earnest. Calvin University, which was an oblong and flat-roofed university, three miles south of town, had long since gone to seed, rarely heard from except on rally days in the churches when all its 16 faculty and 64 undergraduates filled the edifices, and the rally was a tremendous success in hymn singing if not at the contribution plate. But the Holiness Brethren, who had come from somewhere, no one knew exactly where, and preached something, no one knew exactly what, had the zeal of the newly inspired, and labored in highways and byways for recruits. It had a community of quite 400 souls gathered about its college tract; and 50 students who alternately farmed and studied and exhorted in the streets of Rome and Earlville. No one had a grievance against the Holiness sect except Wiley T. Curran, and his was because they had taken up one of the most beautiful spots on Sinsinawa. As Mr. Curran remarked, it was as if some one had first wandered down the pebbly-footed glen and said: "Brethren, here is a spot which nature has set apart for the tired soul to commune in silence and find peace with God—come, let us get a crowd and have somebody lecture."

John Lindstrom had become one of the zealous sect from the first; nothing but poverty had kept him from joining the Holiness colony up on the hills, and his lowland cottage was a favorite place for the Brethren to gather for prayer. These Sunday afternoons the children sat barelegged and silent on the kitchen chairs, their frayed denims washed, and listened in that perplexed and enigmatical respect that the young give to religion. The first Sunday after Aurelie's prize winning was a terrifying one. She never would attend the meetings, and the Brethren exhorted John that he cast out the devil from her, put away this vanity of beauty, this Romish and heathen perversion. As if Aurelie, loving idolatrously her little crucifix without bothering her head as to what it meant, could put by God's gift of grace and prettiness.

The next Sunday she ran away to the hills and met Uncle Michigan there by arrangement, for the old rebel, eking out the scanty living by his bootlegging, was no more at home with Lindstrom than the Creole girl. When they returned the old man delayed at a neighboring quarryman's house, but Aurelie went on to their door. She found the boys sitting, Sunday clean, on the wood box behind the stove, and Mrs. Lindstrom, who cared little about the services except to give assent to the master, was putting the baby to bed. She turned a constrained face

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

The Midlanders

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

out of the chamber to see the French girl's beauty. Aurelie, wreathed from head to foot in red and gold leaves sewed on twine—that was their Sunday occupation upon the bluff—was it."

Albert, the canvasser peddler, was by the oil clothed table, with his head resting on his palm, the shiny celluloid cuff with its immense moonstone button enclosing the stringy sinew of his arm. The Holiness exhorting had tired him, but he was calculating how much of his miserable earnings he could contribute to the family. Before him was some prospectus of a patent dish washer with which he was going to tramp the towns and country with his whining appeal, his fatuous smile, his eternal door bell ring and removing of his hat to the impatient wives. He had a faint shy affection for Aurelie in his cringing soul; her color, her life, her graceful courage, were like some bloom of a tropic garden to his aridness. He would have loved, with a dog's love, anything that did not rebuff him, turn him away, snarl coldly, shut the door on him, so crushed was he with this in his day's work.

Auruelie felt the ominous heaviness of John's look, but she was strangely gay. She came past the peddler, touching his thin hand lightly. "Mon ami!" she bent her head with quick grace, "you look tired—is it so? You should have been with me—and Knute, too, and Peter. The leaves—they never were so pretty!"

She crossed to the silent boys, the maple wreaths rustling on her gown. "Eh, Peter! It's all from the big sugar tree where we killed the badger last winter—and you froze your fingers while we were chopping." She lifted the skirt of leaves with her laughing: "Brother, isn't it like a princess on me?"

She held herself to be admired by them. Albert put down his documents, his pale eyes shining. This girl! Catholic, French, rebel—God knew what—she stood a flame in the dreariness of their lives!

John came in, took off his rough coat and hung it behind the wood box over the boy's heads. His gaunt face was heavy in the light of the little lamp; he came to stand before Albert, looking down at the peddler's pitiful business.

"And what's that on the Lord's day, Albert, man?" his deep voice queried. "It's not an example for my children after prayers."

The peddler sniveled and smirked conciliatingly; they had of late begun to fear John's Puritanism. "Eh, the business, John! I was just casting over it for tomorrow. To lay out my route beforehand, that saves a sight of tramping, and it's to be colder."

"It's no work for the day," growled John. "Didn't Brother Rutherford just now warn us against such unholiness?" He turned to his sons: "Come, Peter — Knute — it's soon to bed for you. Brink in the kindling and be off." He was not unkindly—he was but a man in whom a wrong was burning its way steadily to a cloistered and spiritual purity; the law's harsh enigma, the murk of his day's jailing—they were to him a martyr's portion; they had set him apart in the world; God had smote him for some reason or other, and he accepted. He sat watching the silent urchins, the mumbling peddler pulling his cuffs down over his thin wrists. The mother passed with the baby, and John put a hand softly to its head, but the rasp of his palm drew a sickly wail. He drew back silently, in some pathos at his failure. When she had gone into the chamber, his eyes slowly went to Aurelie, whom he could see before the miror of her little white dresser in her room. She was patting the sugar leaves around her shoulders, admiring, reluctant to take them off.

"My girl," John called, "come here."

She did not move; he saw her face harden. "Come here." She turned and looked at him. "Aurelie, I called you, girl."

"What is it?" But at his silent gazing she came out obediently. He looked again long at her, the daughter of Jezebel, whose eyes did not fear to meet him. "Where have you been?"

"In the hills."

"Whom did you meet?"

"No one. Just Uncle Michigan and me."

"I heard this morning—and Brother Andrews told me—that you were on the creek road talking with some one in a red machine?"

"Yes—this morning." She did not falter; she was as stolid as he.

The McFetridge motor car, a snorting, grinning, scarlet devil charging, of a Sunday, about the stillness of the roads—he was ruthless in his analysis, for he knew. "They brought you home from town this morning—but they dared not come to the door."

"No," she retorted. "It was just a little ride."

"Ah, Lord," the wife cried from the chamber, "the girl, she'll have her name up more than it was! The papers and all—Lord save us! And ridin' with a Jew on Sunday morning!"

"Be still," John went on soundly. "I hear more than that. Girl, can you pray with us all tonight?"

"Pray?"

"With a clean soul?"

She looked at his eyes, the deep eyes of a prophet, and she could not answer; she paled and muttered, and half-turned to look at the little rosary hanging over the frame of her dresser among her trinkets.

"I hear," he continued with an awful deliberation as one who had foreordained his judgment and his course, "that you are going on the stage!"

She started—she could not imagine that he knew. And yet all the town must know, must be amazed at this freak of the McFetridge twins. "Papa Lindstrom," she said with a sudden brightness, "will you listen to me? It will be a fine thing for us all—the money I can make!"

"Answer!" he shouted, and stung the table with his blow: "the truth!"

"Yes," she answered steadily, her eyes going to hard rebellion.

"May God strike you dead first!"

Knute looked up dumb and shivering. The mother put her head from the bedroom. "Ah, John," she cried, "she's a good girl with it all, John!"

"Be still!" he said. "This beauty of hers—I'd burn it off her if I could." He got up and paced the kitchen, his lined face twitching. "Cleanse her, Lord," he muttered, "put this foul thing from her, Lord!" And from the woman sobbing now in the chamber came a wailing "Amen!"

The girl stood in her robe of autumn leaves. "Mother, the money I could earn! And you know how we all need money."

John stopped before her: "Hell's money! Harlot's money!" He suddenly grasped her wrist: "Eh, this face of yours—if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. What's evil in God's sight, destroy it."

She repressed a scream at the pain of his clutch, at the murder in his eyes. The wife ran out crying. "Ah, John, let her be! She's a good girl, now—a good girl to us all!"

But the fanatic held her closer, thrusting her up against the kitchen door among the dusty quarry clothes hung there. "Can I sit and pray God with this unclean rebellion in my house? Unclean — unclean" — he thrust her harder against the door—"you will renounce it—tell me!"

She looked back: "You don't understand — you don't know anything—"

He shook her until her voice choked: "Answer!"

"You have no right—"

"Answer!" he shouted, and shook her until the house jarred.

When he ceased she threw back her small head in its frame of crushed leaves.

When he ceased she threw back her small head in its frame of crushed leaves. "No!" she cried swiftly, and then fought him: "No—nothing!"

He suddenly smashed her against the door. Its flimsy fastening gave way, and she was hurled out, falling to the porch. They heard her cry, but none moved. For a time they watched Lindstrom, huge, hairy-armed, in the doorway. Then he turned to them: "Go back," he said to the mute children, the wan wife, "we'll have prayers now."

But after prayers the woman stole to look out dumbly into the cold moonlight in the yard.

To Be Continued.

THE MOLE WORKS DURING WINTER

The mole, like the pocket gopher is more or less active at all seasons of the year, but it is during the rainy period, when the soil is moist, that his work is pushed most vigorously. Shallow runways are then rapidly extended in all directions and old runways repaired.

When a mole makes up its mind to go in a certain direction, nothing but concrete or stone will stop him.

Hand, Nose and Foot of the Common Mole.

The strength of these little animals is marvelous. They will heave up the surface of a path trodden so hard that repeated blows of a pick will be needed to break the crust.

In like manner the bricks of a sidewalk are pushed up out of place, and on one occasion a run was noticed heaved up against a hard-baked roadway over which a heavy traction engine frequently passed.

Ordinarily the mole makes his way through the soil as a root does, or a stake driven by the blows of a sledge. The earth is not excavated, but simply crowded aside. When the ground becomes very hard, of course, the mole is obliged to excavate the passageways and push the loose dirt out through openings of the roof of his tunnel.

The mole keeps at work all through the winter in places where the ground is not frozen too hard. He works more frequently in the morning and evening.

The great extent of a mole system of a runway is made up of the shallow burrows ranging over his hunting grounds. These are merely paths under the surface, made by the moles in his search for food. They may never be used again, and after a time become filled up by the settling of the soil above.

The favorite food of the mole is composed of worms and grubs, and he searches for these in soil that is shaded, cool and moist. This accounts for the persistency with which the mole sticks to our lawns and parks, and he is always found in neglected orchards and natural wood lands.

For his permanent highways and home he seeks the higher and drier spots. If his principal runways are destroyed by rain or otherwise damaged, he patiently reconstructs them, always making a new tunnel under the old one, sometimes going down to a depth of a foot or more.

Moles do very little harm to the roots of grain, grasses or vegetables, except in pushing the soil aside, and they live principally on the white grub, earth-worms and beetles.

He thus proves himself to be a friend to mankind, because grubs are the greatest scourges of grass and other valuable plant roots. It is hard to catch moles with traps, except by those that are placed on top of the ground out of sight.

They may be poisoned by soaking grain and vegetables in strychnine, but experiments show that the best way to destroy them is by traps and rolling the lawn and ground where they have made paths, which will discourage them to seek other quarters.

LIVE FARM NOTES

Professor Riley says, regarding protecting trees against the round-headed borer: "I generally take a bar of hard soap and rub it up and down the trunks of the young trees and place a piece in the principal crotch, allowing the rains to gradually wash it down over the trunks."

Dry sweet corn carefully for seed. It is usually more difficult to dry thoroughly than other kinds of corn. Store it where it will not be frozen during the winter.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY
is NOW In the Province of
SASKATCHEWAN
Western Canada

Do you desire to get a Free Homestead of 160 Acres of that well known Wheat Land? The area is becoming more limited but no less valuable. New Districts have recently been opened up for settlement, and into these railroads are now being built. The day will soon come when there will be no Free Homesteading land left.

A Swift Current, Saskatchewan farmer writes:—"I came here on my homestead, March, 1906, with about $1000 worth of horses and machinery, and just $25 in cash. Today I have 900 acres of wheat, 300 acres of oats, and 60 acres of flax." Not bad for six years, but only an instance of what may be done in Western Canada, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

Send at once for Literature, Maps, Railway Rates, etc., to

W. S. NETHERY
Canadian Government Agent,
82 E. Rich St.,
Columbus, Ohio.

Or Address, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Ont., Canada

THE FARMSTEAD

Silage and Stover.

The writer found in 10 years' work at the Nebraska experiment station prior to coming to Minnesota, that a ration of alfalfa hay with corn silage or stover gave larger and more profitable gains than any of the many other rations tested. Later tests have failed to show conclusively which is the better way of handling the corn plant, but it may be regarded as proved that the whole plant should be used instead of only the ear.

For the purpose of comparing silage and stover for cattle feeding two groups, each containing eight steer calves, were fed from March 25 to August 15, 1911. Each animal of one group received daily 7.5 pounds of corn, 4.1 pounds of alfalfa, and 3.6 pounds of shredded corn stover. The animals of the other group were of the same age and received 6.1 pounds of corn, 3.4 pounds of alfalfa and 15 pounds of corn silage.

These two rations were practically identical, except that the corn stalk was fed as silage in one case and as shredded stover in the other. The difference in amount of grain was made because of the presence of about that amount in the silage.

The silage fed calves made average daily gains of 1.8 pounds each or about one-third of a pound more than the stover-fed animals, and required only 3.4 pounds of grain instead of 5 pounds for each pound of gain made. They also required less total dry matter, the figures being 7.8 and 8.9 pounds respectively.

At 45 cents per bushel for corn, $8 a ton for alfalfa, $3 a ton for shredded stover, and $3 a ton for silage, it appeared that the silage ration made 100 pounds of gain at a cost of $4.66, the profit per steer, above the cost of feed being $5.88 during the 20 weeks. The stover ration made 100 pounds of gain at a cost of $5.42, the profit per steer being $1.31.—H. R. Smith.

Ventilation Needed in Winter.

Ventilation of all stock and poultry buildings is just as essential in winter as in summer, perhaps more so, since the inmates are confined for longer periods, there is more filth, and everything in general contributes to insanitary conditions.

After making stock and poultry buildings snug and warm for winter, the next step should be to provide for ample ventilation by arranging a passage of air in front of and above the inmates. Where possible, inlets for air should be at each end of a building, the ventilator being about midway and still above the inlet.

This arrangement gives the stock the benefit of the pure, fresh air before it passes over the filth of stall or roosting place, the foul, breathed air being forced upward and out by the fresh and heavier air. Air should not be allowed to come into a building from beneath doors or at any opening near the ground that will cause it to strike and chill the limbs and bodies of the animals before it reaches their nostrils. Neither should the air pass in from the rear of animals, as many wrongly allow it to do in coming through the manure holes. A direct draft over the stalls or roosting place is just as much to be avoided as any of these mistakes. The admission of air from all these sources is, however, most advisable in airing out and purifying the interior of buildings when not occupied by any stock or poultry.

Fighting the Chinch Bugs.

Examine all meadows, pastures, roads, waste lands and other fields which are heavily overgrown for the hibernating chinch bugs. Those fields near wheat and corn which were infested last summer should be examined with special care. The insects hide deep down in clumps of grass, under leaves and rubbish and in many cases their presence can be detected by the disagreeable odor of the crushed bugs, even before one finds them in their hiding places.

Wherever they are found, the fields should be burned over immediately and carefully so that every possible shelter will be destroyed. The wind should not be too strong so that the heat will penetrate down into the clumps of grass and make a clean job. Farmers should co-operate in burning over all public highways and railroad right-of-ways in the infested regions.

With careful, systematic burning of all harboring places in the fall, a large per cent of the millions of hibernating bugs will be killed by the heat directly and many more left exposed to the winter. After each and every farmer has done all he can to destroy the pest during the winter, the fight will be well enough started so that, if taken up in time next summer, the injury from the pests may be greatly reduced.

Keep Vegetables During Winter.

Not all vegetables require the same treatment, and it must be understood that the kind of storage that is good for one would be fatal to another. Cabbages, parsnips, salsify and carrots are not injured by freezing. Irish potatoes, celery and apples will stand a light freeze, while sweet potatoes will be ruined even by a frost.

I have not often kept a great amount of vegetables in a cellar, and prefer the outdoor pits, especially for apples, celery and the vegetables that are not injured by freezing. I dig a shallow trench wide enough for two rows of heads, pull the cabbage by the root, bury in the trench and cover with dirt, and it does not matter whether they are covered deep enough for keeping out frost as cabbage will thaw out and not be injured, provided the thawing is while in contact with the dirt.

It should not be stored until quite severe weather, but if it turns cold suddenly so as to freeze the heads solid it should be buried at once so that it may thaw out in the ground. Carrots salsify and parsnips are benefited by freezing in the ground and turnips are not injured.

All these are stored similar to the cabbage, being piled in a conical heap and covered with dirt.

In order that they may be convenient to get at during the winter, cover the dirt with straw or fodder so that the ground will not freeze more than a few inches.

Irish potatoes should be buried in a slight depression, have straw placed under and on top, then covered with dirt, or stored in the cellar they may be piled down in one corner as moisture does not hurt them, and they should be kept as cold as possible without freezing.

Apples are kept the same way as potatoes and it adds to convenience in handling if the pit is kept dry by a movable shed or short boards.

Apples are much better kept this way and only a few should be kept in the cellar for immediate use.

Celery must be stored in moist earth whether in the cellar or pit.

Sweet potatoes must be dug before there is any frost if they are to be kept long. If the vines are bitten by frost cut them off immediately and dig the potatoes in a few days.

It is necessary that they be kept above the frost point, about 65 degrees being the ideal temperature.

It is also essential that they be kept dry with a free circulation of air and possibly the best building for keeping large quantities would be of brick or stone, heated by a furnace. Where a few are wanted for home use, a box or barrel of dry sand or road dust is a good place to keep them, and this should be kept in a room where the temperature is not allowed to get below 40 degrees, or it may be in the cellar if kept up from the floor and where there is a good circulation of air.

Permanent pits walled with boards and covered with an open shed are excellent storage places for nearly all kinds of winter vegetables. I prefer those to the cellar for best results, especially with apples, celery and root crops.—C. S. Miller.

THE ORCHARD

Tillage in Apple Orchards.

The question of tillage is of prime importance. Our best growers are believers in thorough cultivation, but there are a few exceptions. It is necessary to get clearly in mind for what we cultivate. Primarily with us it is for the purpose of conserving the moisture in the soil and also to prepare the soil for rot activity.

If an orchard is located on soil which is naturally very fertile and where there is, therefore, an abundance of plant food, cultivation may then not be needed for that purpose. If the orchard has also the advantage of being on a soil naturally moist, it may not be necessary to cultivate at all; cultivation, in fact, may be under these conditions a distinct disadvantage.

Most of our farmers have not these conditions, and in order to get crops, and to secure size, it is necessary to cultivate, and do it thoroughly. In Monroe county practically one-third of all the apple orchards are cultivated every year. Nearly another third are cultivated at least three years out of five.

Beginning with a fall when there is no cover crop upon the ground, the orchard is either plowed then or early the next spring. Some of our best orchardists practice regularly fall plowing. This process aids considerably in the rush of spring work.

When the orchard has been plowed before winter, a disc harrow is put on as early in spring as possible. Thorough cultivation is then practiced until midsummer. The spring-tooth harrow is used extensively.

When the soil is very fine and the rains are not heavy, a spike-tooth drag, or even a weeder, may be used. All the ground is plowed and cultivated, even up to the tree trunks, and these are hoed about.

After cultivation stops, many farmers simply allow the weeds to form a cover crop, or sow buckwheat, Cowhorn turnips, rye, etc. The practice of sowing a leguminous cover crop is preached more than it is practiced. Fruit men have become discouraged largely because of the failure to get a good stand of clover when it is put in after the middle of summer.

A few men have tried putting in their cover crops earlier in summer—in fact, soon after the orchards were plowed and at the time when the trees were putting on their rankest growth. As far as I can learn, the method has met with success. A good stand has been secured, which was plowed under early the following spring. When the cover crop is sown late in the summer, then it is not plowed under until late the following spring, or it may be left over that entire summer.

A cover crop made up of Cowhorn turnips, oats and clover or vetch is coming into popularity of late. Commercial fertilizers are being used somewhat, especially in certain sections of the state, but many good growers are meeting with success without their use. Stable manure is always used when available.

POULTRY

Hints.

Hens like a dust bath, and there is a cause for it. Provide them with this for it is essential to their health. Fill a shallow box with a mixture of ashes and lime, into which put a small quantity of powdered tobacco. Let them dust in this and they will not be troubled with lice.

Cedar poles for perches are highly recommended by authorities as they harbor no vermin.

Wheat or oats in the morning, corn in the evening, and clover finely cut, with plenty of grit to which they may have free access is the best egg producing feed for hens that have no free range that I know of. The grain must be thrown into a litter of chaff or leaves to make them scratch for it. These rules followed up will mark a higher notch in the egg basket.

Scatter plenty of lime around in the hen house, over the roosts, and over the floor, as it absorbs all necessary moisture and sweetens the atmosphere.

Burn sulphur occasionally. Put a shovel of live coals in a kettle and throw a handful of sulphur over them. It purifies the air and kills vermin. Tobacco smoke will act with the same result. The hens should be shut out when doing this as the fumes may prove too strong for them.

Save up all your barn sweepings as they contain much that the fowls will relish, such as clover heads and leaves, clover seed, timothy seed and weed seed.

The comb of a laying hen is large and of a bright scarlet color—the busy hen of the flock. Mark this type of hen and sell the rest as they are of no use to you. You will get better results from the remaining flock uncumbered by the unprofitable.

Hens will invariably reward their owner for every extra care and attention received and a strong friendship should exist between hens and their keeper for best results.

Good Roofs for Houses.

A very serviceable roofing for such buildings as chicken houses or small hog houses can be made from burlap treated with paint, coal tar or asphaltum and sand. Bran sacks will do, but meat sacks from the butcher shop, furniture and mattress covers, and harness sacks are better, as they are larger.

Ravel out the stitching and fold neatly so as to press out the wrinkles and make them as smooth as possible. The boards on which the roofing is to be laid should be fairly even and close. Sort the burlap and tack the poorest pieces next to the boards, reserving the best pieces for the top layer.

Draw the cloth out smoothly, but do not strain it, as it will tighten when treated. I use small lath nails, driving them in half way and bending them and clinching them. It is not necessary to use nails except at the edge of the cloth.

When the stuff is all on, apply a thin paste made of cheap flour mixed with water. This will stick the layers of cloth together adn stick both fast to the boards. When dry apply paint or coal tar, following up immediately with clean, finely screened sand. Force as much of the sand as possible into the cloth with the shoesoles and soon after sweep off all surplus sand. Let this dry for a few days, and repeat the operation.

This roof should be water-tight. If leaks occur, apply a little pain and sand. This roof is stronger than commercial ready roofing. If asphalt coating is used, it ought to last a lifetime. If coal tar is used, it will be necessary to give it a coat of tar and sand every two or three years.

Care and Profit.

No matter how good the stock may be, if they have not the proper care they will pay you no better than mongrels. Poultry on the farm, as a rule, receives indifferent treatment.

What does "care" mean? It means a close watch on the business all round. It provides every comfort, prevents disease by keeping the premises perfectly clean, never overcrowds, and keeps the fowls busy, sorts out the drones and gives the workers better attention. In short, "care" means using business principles in every sense of the word.

The farmer is not giving the proper care when he allows his fowls to roost on trees, in wagons, wagon sheds or on the board fences. The proper care is not given if the appetites and conditions of the fowls are not studied.

System and regularity play an important part in care. Economy in labor, the saving of steps, the saving of muscles, the saving of time—all are important.

Shiftlesses causes expensive experiences. There is sure to be profit in anything we take care of. Success is according to management. Profits depend upon the quality and quantity of brain work put into the enterprise.

If a man performs his work in a mechanical way he will not be apt to do it well. There are too many who go by "luck." They do not stop to think. They do not take notice of the little matters. They are always hurrying to get done.

It is said quality makes prices, but it costs considerable labor and brains to make quality. Good management curtails expense. Successful poultrymen use good common sense methods, some others but little method and alas, some not any method at all.

Hard luck is generally brought about by mismanagement. Disorder creates disgust. Study and care and not luck and big talk are the elements of success.

To quote Judge Brown: There are too many poultrymen who let their enthusiasm go down as the mercury in the thermometer goes up or down. The men who make the marked successes in poultry raising are those who never flag in their attention—those who know that the increased labor and close attention hot weather brings must be religiously observed, the same being the case when the cold weather is with us. It is the man or woman behind the hen rather than the breed that brings success.

Scrub treatment will bring about scrub results. The best paying breed is the one that is best cared for. Zeal in the prosecution of the work should be the characteristic of every poultry breeder.

In conclusion it must not be forgotten that success depends on management. Business attention given to a flock of properly housed hens would be a revelation to many, especially to the farmers themselves.

HINTS OF THE FEED LOT.

One way to supply forage is to save all the forage from the corn field by cutting the tops of the stalks off just above the ears. Of course this should be done before the fodder becomes quite dry.

Oat straw is a pretty good substitute and makes very good roughage when fed with plenty of grain.

A feeder may have his bin full of grain, but unless he has sufficient roughage to balance up the ration he will be shy on his profit at the end of the season.

THE DAIRY

Cattle in Stalk Fields.

Farmers in the corn belt, especially in the middle and upper Mississippi valley, have at various periods experienced loss of cattle pastured on standing cornstalks after the corn has been harvested in the autumn. An element of mystery has surrounded the death of cattle in these instances. The disease is characterized by a very rapid course; in fact, very commonly there it is not unusual for the owner, upon visiting the field in the morning, to find one or more fat cattle dead which on the previous evening were apparently in excellent health. Another peculiarity of the disease is that losses may occur on one farm or in one field while cattle on an adjoining farm or in an adjacent field may be free from the affection.

Various investigators in the past have attempted to discover some germ or organism or some tonic substance which might be determined as the cause of this condition, but thus far the cause of the disease has not been established. As death of stock from this affection is generally sudden and there is little opportunity for treatment, animals should not be turned into a field with standing stalks.

As a matter of fact the disease may be actually prevented by cutting the stalks early and feeding them after they have been carefully cured and removed from the field. Losses from feeding on standing cornstalks emphasize the economic value of cutting the corn and feeding the stalks in the barnyard or corral, or, better still, shredding the dry stalks, in which condition they may be fed with the least possible waste. The so-called cornstalk disease should not be confused with poisoning from eating sorghum. Deaths among stock from eating sorghum have been traced to prussic acid poisoning, which poison the sorghum under certain conditions of growth has been found to contain in combination.

Supplemting Short Pasture.

Most any grain fits in nicely with short pasture. There is nothing better than corn and oat chop, that is, corn and oats mixed together and ground into meal. If you haven't got these you can buy them. They make an economical feed in connection with pasture. On the other hand, wheat bran or middlings are good also.

You don't need food quite so rich in protein on pasture as you do on dry feed becanuse the pasture grass is richer in protein than the dried hay, but cottonseed meal, gluten feed and dried brewers' grains—any of these products rich in protein—are good to feed on pasture. They are pretty concentrated, however, and ought to be mixed with some other feed to reduce the cost. For instance, if you can buy cottonseed meal and mix this with corn meal and ground oats it makes a splendid ration.

As winter comes on your cows ought to have something for roughage besides cornstalks, not that cornstalks are not good, but there isn't variety enough. They ought to have corn silage, a succulent food in the ration to take the place of the succulent grass. They ought to have clover, or alfalfa hay, because these foods are richer in protein than cornstalks. If, however, you haven't anything but the cornstalks for roughage then, to get the best results, you must feed a liberal grain ration rich in protein. Here is where oil meal, cottonseed meal and gluten feed come in to balance up a ration. If you could mix cottonseed meal, or oil meal, with wheat bran and a little ground oats or corn the combination would make an excellent thing to balance up so deficient a ration in roughage as cornstalks.

TRAPPING

Preparing and Shipping Furs.

A sharp knife is the first requisite in preparing furs for market. Without this the pelts are likely to be ragged and will not sell well.

After skinning the furs should be stretched. Steel forms are best, because they cure the hides quicker and give them a uniform shape. They also save the pelt hunter a great deal of work, and this is of consideration to the schoolboy who has but a few hours a day at his disposal for trapping.

If, however, wooden stretchers are used, make them out of thin boards. The forms should be shaped to fit the fur, and the edges rounded so they will not cut the skin nor injure the hairs. Tacks or small nails must be used to hold the skin in place. For the mink, some split the boards into three parts and drive wedges between the sections. This, however, is not necessary.

The best time to skin a fur-bearer is right after it has been killed. There is then no danger of the hides becoming "hair slipped." This condition is caused by rotting of the skin. Pelts which are "hair slipped" bring but a fraction of their value. A skin left on a carcass long after the animal has been killed is hard to remove.

The tail of the opossum and the muskrat has no value. They should not be skinned out, but the fur cut off at the butts. The tails of the other animals ought to be skinned out and the bones removed. A cloth mitten or a pair of small pincers will prove of great value in doing this. Slit the tails on the under side and work the fingers in under the hide, so as to get a hold and the bones are then easily removed.

Before an animal is skinned all burrs should be removed from the pelt, and mud washed out. Furs saturated with water should be wrung dry before stretching. Should a carcass be frozen, do not thaw it over a fire. Instead, place it in cold water for a short time.

The glands which contain the fluid of the skunk and civet cat are located at the base of the tail. One should skin around these, leaving a patch of fur on the carcass about three inches in diameter.

Dry all hides in a cool, shady place, never over a fire or in the sun. Use no salt or other preparation on raw furs intended for market. After they have been on stretchers until they are dry, they are ready to ship.

Some trappers insert bent sticks in skins of muskrats. This is called the Indian method of curing them. As a general rule, pelts handled in this manner do not bring the highest prices, for the reason that they are not stretched evenly.

As soon as furs are skinned all fat and flesh should be removed. In the case of skunks, I have often known cases where the failure to do this resulted in the pelts becoming "hair slipped."

Shipments up to 11 pounds may be by parcel post. Larger ones should be sent by express. See that your name is both inside and outside the package. Also write your dealer telling him when the furs were shipped and how many of each kind were sent. Do not place your catch in boxes or barrels. Small packages should be wrapped in heavy paper or cloth; burlap is best for the larger ones. Sew the package shut when cloth or burlap is used.—Farm and Home.

LIVE STOCK

Don'ts for Horse Owners.

Don't overload your horses.

Don't feed too much corn in hot weather.

Don't make any sudden change in the feed.

Don't keep your horses in poorly ventilated stables.

Don't feed grain to warm horses. Give them hay first.

Don't allow the harness, especially the collar, to chafe.

Don't neglect to give the harness a cleaning once in a while.

Don't expect your horses to relish their feed, unless the mangers are clean.

Don't give large amounts of water at one time. Small amounts frequently are much better.

Don't give your horses patent medicine that you know nothing about, especially colic remedies.

Don't keep a horse going after he begins to show signs of exhaustion. You will save time by resting a bit.

Don't allow your horses to drink a large amount of water on coming in the stable very warm. Allow them to cool off a bit first.

Don't allow young horses to wear a set of shoes more than a month. Have them removed, the hoofs leveled, and the shoes reset if they are worth it.

A Substitute Hay.

If a field of oats is sown rather thickly and then cut when they are in the milk and made into hay like timothy of clover, they will be a good substitute for hay for horses. Horses will do well on oat hay. If you will mix some Canada peas with the oats you will get a better quality of hay and horses love it dearly. You can also raise Hungarian grass or millet and if it is cut before the seed gets ripe when it ought to be, it makes a splendid hay for horses. Soy beans and cowpeas also make good substitutes for hay. The trouble of it when a man sows oats, or oats and peas, he is liable to let them get too ripe and harvest them and thresh the grain. When you do that the food nutrients of the plant go into the seed and the straw is comparatively a poor feed. If the crop, however, is cut when the grain is in the milk before the nutriment has gone into the berry then you will have a hay that is quite as valuable as timothy. Barley or wheat or rye can be cut in this way before the grain matures, and, properly cured, it makes a good substitute. If one hasn't land that will produce a good crop of oats and has good corn land, by sowing corn very thick in rows and cultivating it, get it thick enough so that it doesn't form scarcely any ears, and if this is cut up at the proper time and well cured it makes good hay for horses in the winter time, or any other time, for that matter. It may look wrong for one to cut down a good piece of oats when it is in the milk and make hay and yet it would make splendid hay if harvested at this time, and in some countries wheat hay is quite popular and quite common.

Feeding Suggestions.

Give the ram about one pound of bran daily with all the green food he can eat. Good feeding during the breeding period is one of the essentials to the production of sound and vigorous lambs.

It saves a lot of work to dump the corn for cattle on the ground and let them dig it out of the dirt at their convenience, but it is a mighty expensive form of laziness.

An open shed with a well-drained dirt floor provided with troughs should always be a part of every stock feeder's equipment.

As the hard work eases up on the horses, cut down their feed accordingly.

For Sheep Raiser.

Feed some dry roughage during the fall and get the ewes gradually accustomed to the change before they are put on their winter diet.

Take every precaution to gain the confidence of the ewes after they are put in the barn for the winter.

A change of blood is all right sometimes, but too frequent changes will ruin the best flock of sheep out in the country in a few years.

Castrate every male lamb that will be an eyesore to yourself or do mischief to any purchaser.

Avoid leggy sheep; it will take years to get rid of them.

Keep the lamb pens clean and well bedded; the young lambs enjoy being in straw, especially if they are in the sun. It makes them grow. Disinfect the pens to prevent spread of scours.

$10,000 Backs
Hertzler & Zook Portable Wood SAW
Guaranteed 1 year. Money refunded—freight paid both ways if unsatisfactory. Only $10, saw to which ripping table can be added. Operates easily. Catalogue free.
Hertzler & Zook Co., Box 30 Belleville, Pa.

CHURN FREE To Introduce the CHALLENGE CHURN
First person in each township. Guaranteed to make finest class butter from milk or cream in 2 to 7 min. 1 to 10 gal. capacity. Write today sure. Get one Free. Agents Wanted.
MASON MFG. CO., Dept. G, CANTON OHIO

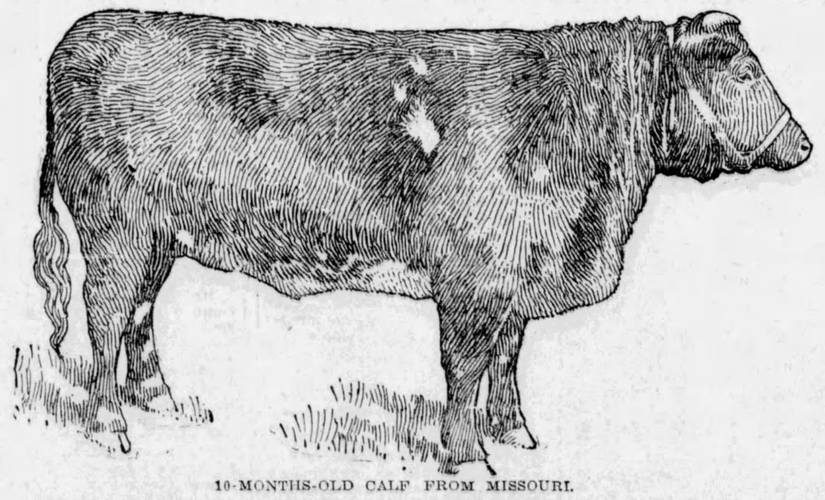
Farmers Sons Wanted with knowledge of stock and fair education to work in an office; $50 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 22, London, Canada.

SKUNK We pay top prices for Skunk, Mink, Muskrat and all Raw Furs. Price List Free. M. J. Jewell Sons, Redwood, N. Y., Dept. 1

RAW FURS
Are you a trapper? Are you a dealer? For top quotations, square grading, prompt returns, ship to us. No commission. We pay express and mail charges.
WRITE FOR PRICE LIST AND SHIPPING TAGS. MENTION THIS PAPER
References: Greenwich Bank, East River National Bank, New York
BENJAMIN DORMAN, Inc.
RAW FURS, GINSENG, GOLDEN SEAL
147 West Twenty-Fourth Street : : : New York

FUR buyers are expensive. We have none on the road. The 10 per cent. saved thereby we give to our shippers. Would you like to be one of them? Send for price list and ship to
M. F. PFAELZER & CO.,
119 W. 20th St. (Desk 8),
New York City.

BETTER VEAL WOULD MEAN BIGGER PROFIT



10-MONTHS-OLD CALF FROM MISSOURI.

The high price of mutton during the past few years has encouraged, particularly dairymen, to pay more attention to making good veal, but there is a woeful lack of this kind of meat now on the market.

Most dairymen will not take the trouble to fatten calves, but send them to market just as soon as they are past the age limit, and the result is entirely unsatisfactory, both to the seller and the customer.

Well fatted calves, weighing from 120 to 150 pounds, always bring high prices, no matter what the condition of the cattle market may be. City people eat a great deal of veal and would consume much more if they could get what they want, but the stuff seen on the market is for the most part stringy, unfinished and not all satisfactory.

Many calves are sold when a week old, at 3 to 4 cents per pound, when if fed until they weighed 25 pounds, would bring double the money, but dairymen have not yet learned how to feed calves, in order to make good veal.

The European farmers make good money out of the right calves. The youngster is carefully fed from the day he is born, being confined in dark stalls. He is fed liberally on oat meal, whole milk at the start and skim-milk later, with some roots, and when he goes to market he is about as toothsome a morsel as can be found anywhere. Englishmen are very fond of this kind of meat, and price cuts no figure with them.

There is no reason why our dairymen should not increase their profits materially by feeding their calves; and it has always been a source of wonder why they so neglect this part of their business.

The fact is, the American public, to a large extent, is so prejudiced against veal, having read gruesome tales about bob veal being too often marketed, that thousands are afraid to buy veal of any kind. If a better system of feeding calves were adopted, and the business systematized, we would have in a few years a line of choice meat that would sell readily at very high prices.

The first thing to be done would be to amend the laws, to prevent the railroad and express companies shipping veal under four weeks of age. The amount of immature stuff that goes to market every day is appalling, and probably 75 per cent. of it is unfit for food. How it gets past the inspectors is something no man can find out.

FULLY NOURISHED
Grape-Nuts a Perfectly Balanced Food.

No chemist's analysis of Grape-Nuts can begin to show the real value of the food—the practical value as shown by personal experience.

It is a food that is perfectly balanced, supplies the needed elements for both brain and body in all stages of life from the infant, through the strenuous times of active middle life, and is a comfort and support in old age.

"For two years I have used Grape-Nuts with milk and a little cream, for breakfast. I am comfortably hungry for my dinner at noon.

"I use little meat, plenty of vegetables and fruit, in season, for the noon meal, and if tired at tea time, take Grape-Nuts alone and feel perfectly nourished.

"Nerve and brain power and memory are much improved since using Grape-Nuts. I am over sixty and weigh 155 lbs. My son and husband seeing how I had improved are now using Grape-Nuts.

"My son, who is a traveling man, eats nothing for breakfast but Grape-Nuts and a glass of milk. An aunt, over 70, seems fully nourished on Grape-Nuts and cream." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

INTENSE BURNING AND ITCHING

Scalp Red and Inflamed. Would Scratch and Rub. Lay Awake Nights. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Short Time.

833 South Scioto St., Circleville, Ohio.—"My little girl's trouble first started on her head in a bunch of little pimples full of yellow-looking matter and they would spread in large places. In a short time they would open. Her scalp was awfully red and inflamed and the burning and itching were so intense that she would scratch and rub till it would leave ugly sores. The sores also appeared on her body, and her clothing irritated them so that I had to put real soft cloth next to her body. She would lie awake of nights and was very worrisome. At times she was tortured with itching and burning.

"I tried different remedies with no benefit for months. I had given up all hope of her ever getting rid of it, then I concluded to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The second application gave relief. I first bathed the parts thoroughly with Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment and in a short time she was entirely cured." (Signed) Mrs. Alice Kirlin, Nov. 4, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough skins, itching, scaly scalps, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails, that it is almost criminal not to use them. Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment 50c. are sold everywhere. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

DROPSY Short breath, swelling, relieved in a day or two, often entirely removed in 10 to 20 days. Write for Free Treatment and Book. DR. FRANKLIN MILES, Box 603, ELKHART, IND.

CHINESE IS MADE POLICEMAN

Los Angeles Has First One in United States.

Los Angeles, Nov. 19.—Lung Yip, a wealthy Chinese was appointed a special policeman yesterday by Chief Sebastian. Lung Yip has the distinction of being the only Chinese receiving such a police appointment in the country. He is an official of the Sing Fat tong and has assisted the police in various Chinese cases.

Lung Yip is an American citizen, having been born in San Francisco, and is popular among the Chinese.

EVASION OF LAW EASY

Parcel Post Must Accept Game for Delivery.

Washington, Nov. 19.—Evasion of the game laws through the agency of the parcel post now is possible, for Postmaster General Burleson today replied to the interrogations of indignant officials of several states that congress had placed no restrictions on the department as to accepting game. This condition, the state game wardens fear, will nullify in great measure the state laws framed for the protection of wild life.

Postmaster General Burleson pointed out that under the law the post office department could not discriminate in the acceptance of packages that conformed with the department's regulations. Postmasters therefore, were compelled, he said, to accept game for shipment when the regulations were observed.

"This does not, however," he added, "operate against the right of any state official to proceed under such state laws against parties violating them, except that the officers of the department in the discharge of their official duties as required by law and the regulations are not to be interfered with."

Many states prohibit the shipment of game from their territory with a view of putting an end to "pot-hunting."

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

BURLESON IS SOME ICONOCLAST

Postmaster General Attacks Century-Old Conventions.

Washington, Nov. 20.—Fame received a black eye today when Postmaster General Burleson decided that, in the interests of economy, he would see hereafter that the names of bureau chiefs and other postoffice department officials were left off all permanent blanks and forms. Too many of them quit, in the opinion of the postmaster general, and then the blanks decorated with the names of missing individuals become useless.

Mr. Burleson also completed his attack on fame by tilting at century-old conventions in correspondence and driving from his department the names of individual officials, substituting in written or printed communications the titles of the officials only. With this reform goes such conventional forms as "Sir" and "I have the honor," and many other polite phrases that take up space.

98 CENTS POST PAID

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our big catalogue of Elgin watches we will send this elegant watch postpaid for **only 98 cents.** Gent's size, high grade gold plate finish, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, accurate time keeper, fully **Guaranteed for 5 Years.** Send 98 cents today and watch will be sent by return mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **ARNOLD WATCH CO., Dept. 1112 CHICAGO, ILL.**

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. Inordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department. The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

6400—Doll's Dress.

Every mother likes to dress her little girl's doll for Christmas and the dress herewith pictured is very simple to make, as it is cut in one piece. The closing is made at the back. The pattern 6400 is cut in sizes for dolls measuring from 14 to 26 inches long. To make the dress for an 18-in. doll will require 1 yd. of 36-in. material, 1¼ yards of edging and ¾ yard of velvet ribbon.

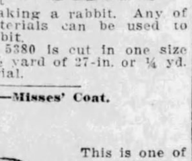
4480—Boys' Russian Dress.

This is for a very little chap. It is high in the neck and closes well over at the side. It can be made of wash materials or of chaille, cashmere or chevriot. The pattern 4480 is cut in sizes 1 and 2 years; 2-year size requires 1½ yds. of 36 inch material.

6402—Candle Shade for French and Eyelet Embroidery.

This shade can be made of colored linen, silk and embroidered solid or in eyelet work or a combination of both. Another development is to stamp the design on rice paper.

5380—Rabbit.



Christmas is drawing near and every father has to take some present home to his little children. Here is an excellent pattern for making a rabbit. Any of the furry materials can be used to make this rabbit. The pattern 5380 is cut in one size and requires ½ yard of 27-in. or ¼ yd. 36-in. material.

6347—Misses' Coat.

This is one of the fashionble sport coats, which are made of double faced materials, chinchilla, boucle, diagonal, storm serge and the like. It is plain in cut with a belt set on very low down and with very wide arm holes and sleeves. The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yds. of 54 in. material.

6415—Child's Dress.

There is no more simple style for little people than the one. It shows a bishop neck with a few gathers at the neck, in front and back and with the sleeve cut in one with the body. The sleeve may be made long or short. The neck is trimmed with a divided collar and there is a small pleat at each side of the side seams in the skirt portion.

The dress pattern 6415 is cut in size 4 and 6 years. Medium size requires 2 yards of 27-in. material.

4715—Ladies' Kimono.

No more useful style of wrapper is known to women than this. It may be high or low in the neck, with long or short sleeves and has not too much material in it. Printed cotton crepe, Japanese silk, challie and cashmere are the materials best likedl for these gowns, but pretty outing flannel will also answer the purpose.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5½ yards of 44 in. material.

27—Ladies'5 House Dress.

A plain waist closing in front, has a round neck and long or short sleeves. Joined to it is a seven gore skirt with a little fullness in the back. The style is suitable for wash materials and also for chevior and the like. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 44 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 5 yards of 36-in. material.

6227—Ladies' Three Gore Skirt.

A graceful drapery effect is arranged in front at the closing edge and the back is retained in panel form. This skirt will be handsome in broadcloth, veiveteen, corduroy, matelasse fabrics, etc. It may have either the high or regulation waistline.

The pattern is cut in izes 22 to 30 in. waist measure. Medium size requires 3⅞ yards of 44-inch material.

Resinol heals itching eczema

DON'T stand that itching eczema one day longer. Go to *any* druggist and get a jar of Resinol Ointment and a cake of Resinol Soap. Bathe the eczema patches with Resinol Soap and hot water, dry, and apply a little Resinol Ointment.

The torturing, itching and burning stop *instantly*, you no longer have to dig and scratch, sleep becomes possible, and healing begins. Soon the ugly, tormenting eruptions disappear completely and for good.

Prescribed by doctors

You need never hesitate to use Resinol. It is a doctor's prescription, that has been used by other physicians for the past 18 years in the treatment of all sorts of skin affections. It contains absolutely nothing that could injure the tenderest skin. Trial size free. Write to Dept. F Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

HOUSE PRESENTS ITS $2,000 GIFT

Miss Jessie Wilson Receives Magnificent Diamond Pendant.

Washington, Nov. 20.—Miss Jessie Wilson, the White House bride-elect, received her $2,000 present from the house today. The sparkling diamond pendant, resting in a satin-lined jewel box with a tiny key dangling from its heart-shaped lock, was taken to the White House by a member of the Washington jewelry firm which has been preparing the gift.

The sentiment, inscribed upon parchment paper, accompanying the present, read: "The representatives of the people in congress send this gift to Miss Jessie Woodrow Wilson, with their sincerest and best wishes, as an evidence of the tender interest and hearty good will of all the people, on the happy occasion of her marriage to Mr. Francis Bowes Sayre, November twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and thirteen."

The names of the committee of the house signed to this sheet of parchment paper, identical with that on which congress prints its legislative work, were Speaker Clark, Democratic Leader Underwood, Republican Leader Mann, Progressive Leader Murdock, and Representatives Cooper, Wisconsin; Henry, Texas; Campbell, Kansas; Hardwick, Georgia; Page, North Carolina; Johnson, Kentucky; Palmer, Pennsylvania; Austin, Tennessee; Townsend, New Jersey; Fowler, Illinois, and Chandler, New York.

Secretary and Mrs. Bryan's gift was among those received and it will be uncrated today. The present consists of an inlaid mahogany tea table and chair. Among the other gifts were a dozen silver plates from Andrew and Mrs. Carnegie and a handsome silver bowl from the Spanish Minister and Mme. Riano.

Miss Margaret Wilson, it was learned today, has taken personal charge of the musical program at the wedding celebration. In addition to music by the full Marine band, a choir of boys will sing during the ceremony. A compliment will be paid the bridegroom by the rendition of several of the compositions of his cousin, the late Ethelbert Nevin.

MADEROS PROTECTED

Relatives of Late President on U. S. Flagship.

Vera Cruz, Mex., Nov. 21.—Evaristo and Daniel Madero, two relatives of the late president of Mexico, were taken today on board the American flagship from the consulate, where they took refuge last night.

The two Maderos took shelter in the American consulate following their release from prison yesterday on bail. Consul Canada asked Washington for instructions and was ordered to afford them asylum.

After the consul's refusal today to deliver them up, it was reported that veiled threats had been made to take the refugees by force. In anticipation of any such attempt a steam launch from the American battleship Rhode Island lay all morning off the sea wall opposite the consulate with an armed crew of bluejackets on board ready to come ashore at a moment's notice.

Guarded by Lind.

At about 9 o'clock this morning the two fugitives, escorted only by John Lind, the personal representative of President Wilson, and William Canada, the United States consul, left the consulate building and walked across the vacant space to the seawall opposite, where lay a steam launch with an armed crew of bluejackets from the battleship Rhode Island. The refugees stepped on board the launch, which at once started off for the flagship. As they were bidding good-bye to Mr. Lind at the launch, Evaristo Madero exclaimed:

"Only God can save Mexico," to which his brother Daniel added: "But only with the aid of the United States." Evaristo replied: "Yes, that is true."

The party had been followed to the launch at a respectful distance by a solitary detective, who had been watching the consulate all night.

FOOTBALL KILLS YOUTH

Minneapolis, Nov. 22.—Paul Rihel-daffer, aged 18, died last night from the efefcts of an accident during a football game between High school class teams. He was a senior.

Dr. Yager, Who Will Govern Porto Rico

New York, Nov. 19.—Dr. Arthur Yager, of Georgetown, Ky., will sail from here in a few days for Porto Rico to fill the office of governor of the island. He was recently appointed to this position by President Wilson. Dr. Yager is a student of political economy.

HE WOULD FIGHT FOR WATER POWER

Gifford Pinchot Sees Vast Encroachments of Monopoly.

Washington, Nov. 19.—With the declaration that the water power of the United States was rapidly passing under monopolistic control, Gifford Pinchot, former chief forester of the government, told delegates to the National Conservation Congress today that stern methods must be adopted to offset the tendency. His address was accepted by some of the delegates as a defiance to those who are said to seek the loosening of federal control and an extension of the regulatory powers of the individual states.

"If the public rights cannot be recognized without conflict," said Mr. Pinchot, with emphasis, "then we shall have to fight, and if we have to fight, now is the time."

Earnings Are High.

Henry S. Graves, head of the United States forest service, and E. A. Sterling, director of the American Forestry Association, also were on the program. Each discussed the national forests and methods for their protection.

Mr. Pinchot declared that the development of water power only under proper safeguards was "the greatest necessity in the whole water power situation.

"It is argued that concentration of water power control is increasing faster than power development because high risks and low returns keep capital away. But according to the figures published by one of the 10 greatest groups of power interests, in the last 10 years the net earnings of the gas and electric companies of the United States have never dropped below 8 per cent as against 4.25 per cent for railroads and 7.79 per cent for industrial corporations.

In a Few Hands.

"The control of any source of mechanical power—coal, oil, natural gas, water power—carries with it control over the industries which require the power, as the rapidly increasing domination of water power interests over electric lights and street railway companies well illustrates.

"Under these circumstances, we find that the control of the water power business, like the control of the oil business, the meat business and the anthracite coal business is passing into a few strong hands.

"Like coal, meat and oil, mechanical power from falling water is a necessity of modern life. Control over a necessity of life is control over the people who must have that necessity. Private monopolization of anti-necessity of life means private control over the people without responsibility to the people.

"It means also the power to increase the cost of the necessaries of life, and therefore the cost of living, without regard to the public interest, up to whatever point will yield the largest profit."

NEW YORK HAS 'STAR OF HOPE'

Erected by Group of Idealists It Burns Nightly.

New York, Nov. 20.—As the forerunner of a big municipal Christmas tree which will be erected in Madison Square during the Yuletide, a "star of hope" will be lighted there tonight to twinkle regularly until Christmas. The star, composed of a large number of incandescent lamps, is atop a plain iron shaft about 35 feet high. It was recently announced the idea was baked by a group of idealists" who seek to anchor idealism in New York. The mystery of their identity has not been solved.

TREATY WILL AID BRYAN PEACE IDEA

Agreement With Denmark Provides for Arbitration of All Questions.

Washington, Nov. 20.—The United States is about to negotiate a treaty with Denmark for the arbitration of all questions which may arise between the two countries.

Ordinarily, such action would not have serious importance because the relations of the two governments are not apt to come into conflict. It appears, however, that the administration intends to negotiate and secure the ratification of this treaty by the senate, and, once having established the precedent, will press similar treaties with the great powers.

In short, Secretary Bryan is prepared to go as far as to agree to the arbitration even of matters affecting the national honor and the vital interests of the American people. If this principle were in force so far as Great Britain is concerned it would compel arbitration of the Panama Canal tolls question, and if in force with respect to Japan, it would necessitate arbitration of the California anti-Japanese land law.

Plans Further Peace Moves.

While Mr. Bryan has been closely engaged with the Mexican question he has been able to devote some little time to the discussion with foreign representatives of his plan to avert war. This contemplates, it will be recalled, an inquiry pending which neither party to the issue shall make a warlike move. Practically all of Europe, Asia and Latin America have accepted the Bryan proposal in principle, but the actual reduction of the negotiations to treaty form has not been attempted.

Until such treaties have been negotiated Secretary Bryan does not intend to take any action looking to the limitation of naval armaments, or the holding of a "naval holiday," as it is described in England. He is in sympathy with this program, but regards it as an effort rather than a cause. Remove the chances of war and he holds the armaments will disappear.

The treaty of general arbitration which will be signed with Denmark will be the most comprehensive ever submitted to the senate for approval.

Countries Are in Sympathy.

So far as the United States is concerned, Denmark feels a sympathetic interest in its development by reason of the large number of Danes who have emigrated here and who have played such a permanent part in the upbuilding of the nation.

There is no likelihood of Denmark being drawn into war with this country, except through its possession of the Danish West Indies. If Germany or some other European state were to engage us in war a Danish ministry might enter into an alliance and authorize the use of the islands as a base by forces hostile to this government. To avoid any such possibility, the late John Hay, when secretary of state, entered into negotiations for the purchase of the islands, but the treaty was not favorably acted upon by the senate, with the result that Danish pride was aroused.

Expects Great Opposition.

Secretary Bryan realizes that he will have a fight on his hands in endeavoring to secure ratification of the proposed treaty with Denmark. It is certain to be opposed by all those senators who do not deem it wise to enter into an arrangement which other nations might desire, and which it would be difficult to deny them without offense.

In the case of the Panama Canal, for example, the disposition of a large number off Americans is to use it for our own special benefit. The Panama Canal tolls law is a discrimination in favor of American coastwise shipping as against foreign shipping. Great Britain has asked for the arbitration of this question, in accordance with the provisions of the general arbitration treaty of 1908, but her request has not been complied with even by Secretary Bryan. This is a matter which is under discussion, but no final decision has been reached. Ultimately there will be some kind of arbitration, but not by The Hague court.

FAMOUS STRIKE DEBT PAID

Eugene Debs Contributes $29,000 to Old Fund.

Denver, Nov. 22.—Eugene V. Debs, Socialist party leader, announced here today that the last of the indebtedness incurred in financing the American Railway Union strike in 1894 has just been paid.

Debs said that he personally had paid $29,000, raising the money by writing and lecturing.

HE'S STILL POLICE OFFICER AT 93

Weymouth, Mass., Nov. 19.—"I expect to be doing my regular duty as a police officer when I am 100 years old," said Oliver Houghton to friends who congratulated him today on his 93d birthday.

Mr. Houghton, who has served continuously on the local force since the civil war, is probably the oldest police officer in active service in the United States. He was chief of police for 20 years. At his own request he was relieved of that position in 1902.

That Wonderful Event

IF THERE is a time above all times when a woman should be in perfect physical condition it is the time previous to the coming of her babe.

During this period many women suffer from headache, sleeplessness, pains of various description, poor appetite, and a host of other ailments which should be eliminated in justice to the new life about to be ushered into this world.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

is a scientific medicine carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to the needs and requirements of woman's delicate system. It has been recommended for over forty years as a remedy for those peculiar ailments which make their appearance during "the expectant" period. Motherhood is made easier by its use. Thousands of women have been benefited by this great medicine.

Your druggist can supply you in liquid or tablet form, or you can send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box of **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Tablets,** to Dr. Pierce, at Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo.

It is your priviledge to write to Dr. Pierce for advice, and it will be gladly given free of charge. Of course all communications are confidential.

The MELTING OF MOLLY

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

years. He only lived three months after he married Aunt Adeline and her crepe veil is over a yard long yet. Men are the dust under her feet, but she likes for Dr. John to come over and sit on the porch with us because she can consult with him about what Mr. Henderson really died of and talk with him about the sad state of poor Mr. Carter's liver for a year before he died. I just go on rocking Billy and singing hymns to him in such a way that I can't hear the conversation. Mr. Carter's liver got on my nerves alive, and dead it does worse. But it hurts when the doctor has to take the little sleepboy out of my arms and carry him home; though I like it when he says under his breath, "Thank you, Molly."

As I sat and thought how near he and I had been to each other in all our troubles, I excused myself for running to him with that letter and I acknowledged to myself that I had no right to get mad when he teased me, for he had been kind and interested about helping me get thin by the time Alfred came back to see me. I couldn't tell which I was blushing all to myself about, the "luscious peach" he had called me or the "lovely lily" Alfred had reminded me in his letter that I had been when he left me.

Why don't people realize that a 17-year-old girl's heart is a sensitive wind-flower that may be shattered by a breath? Mine shattered when Alfred went away to find something he could do to make a living, and Aunt Adeline gave the hard green stem to Mr. Carter when she married me to him. Poor Mr. Carter!

No, I wasn't 20, and this town was full of women who were aunts and cousins and law-kin to me, and nobody did anything for me. They all said with a sigh of relief, "It will be such a nice safe thing for you, Molly." And they really didn't mean anything by tying up a gay, dancing, frolicking prancing colt of a girl with a terribly ponderous bridle. But God didn't want to see me always trotting along slow and tired and not caring what happened to me, even pounds and pounds of plumpness, so he found use for Mr. Carter in some other place but this world, and I feel that He is going to see me through whatever happens. If some of the women of my missionary society knew how friendly I feel with God they would put me out for contempt of court.

No, the town didn't mean anything by chastening my spirit with Mr. Carter and they didn't consider him in the matter at all, poor man. Of that I feel sure. Hillsboro is like that. It settled itself here in a Tennessee valley a few hundreds of years ago and has been hatching and clucking over its own small affairs ever since. All the houses set back from the street with their wings spread out over their gardens, and mothers here go on hovering even to the third and fourth generation. Lots of times young, long-legged, frying-size boys scramble out of the nests and go off to college and decide to grow up where their crow will be heard by the world. Alfred was one of them.

And, too, occasionally some man comes along from the big world and marries a plump little broiler and takes her away with him, but mostly they stay and go to hovering life on a corner of the family estate. That's what I did.

I was a poor little lost chick with frivolous tendencies and they all clucked me over into this empty Carter nest which they considered well-feathered for me. It gave them all a sensation when they found out from the will just how well it was feathered. And it gave me one, too. All that money would make me nervous if Mr. Carter hadn't made Dr. John its guardian, though I sometimes feel that the responsibility of me makes him treat me as if he were my step-grandfather-in-law. But all in all, though stiff in its knees with aristocracy, Hillsboro is lovely and loving; and couldn't inquisitiveness be called just real affection with a kind of squint in its eye?

And there I sat on my front steps, being embraced in a perfume of everybody's lilacs and peachblow and sweet syringa and affectionate interest and moonlight, with a letter in my hand from the man whose two photographs and many letters I had kept locked up in the garret for years. Is it any wonder I tingled when he told me that he had never come back because he couldn't have me and that now the minute he landed in America he was going to lay his heart at my feet? I added his honors to his prostrate heart myself and my own beat at the prospect. All the eight years faded away and I was again back in the old garden down at Aunt Adeline's cottage saying good-by, folded up in his arms. That's the way my memory put the scene to me, but the word "folded" made me remember that blue muslin dress again. I had promised to keep it and wear it for him when he came back—and I couldn't forget that the blue belt was just 23 inches and mine is—no, I won't write it. I had got that dress out of the old trunk not 10 minutes after I had read the letter and measured it.

No, nobody would blame me for running right across the garden to Dr. John with such real trouble as that! All of a sudden I hugged the letter and the little book up close to my breast and laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks.

Then before I went into the house I assembled my garden and had family prayers with my flowers. I do that because they are all the family I've got, and God knows that all His budding things need encouragement, whether it is a widow or a snowball bush. He'll give it to us!

And I'm praying again as I sit here and watch for the doctor's light to go out. I hate to go to sleep and leave it burning, for he sits up so late and he is so gaunt and thin and tired-looking most times. That's what the last prayer is about, almost always—sleep for him and no night call!

LEAF SECOND.

A Love-Letter, Loaded.

The very worst page in this red—red devil—I'm glad I've written it at last—of a book is the fifth. It says:

"Breakfast—one slice of dry toast, one egg, fruit and a tablespoonful of baked cereal, small cup of coffee, no sugar, no cream." And me with two Jersey cows full of the richest cream in Hillsboro, Harpeth Valley, out in my pasture! !

"Dinner, one small lean chop, slice of toast, spinach, green beans and lettuce salad. No dessert or sweet." The bluegrass in my yard is full of fat little fryers and I wish I were a sheep if I have to eat lettuce an' spinach for grass. At least I'd have more than one chop inside me then.

"Supper—slice of toast and an apple. Why the apple? Why supper at all?"

Oh, I'm hungry, hungry until I cry in my sleep when I dream about a muffin! I thought at first that getting out of bed before my eyes are fairly open and turning myself into a circus actor by doing every kind of overhand, foot, arm and leg contortion that the mind of cruel man could invent to torture a human being with, would kill me before I had been at it a week, but when I read on page 16 that as soon as all that horror was over I must jump right into the tub of cold water, I kicked, metaphorically speaking. And I've been kicking ever since, literally to keep from freezing.

But as cruel a death as freezing is, it doesn't compare to the tortures of being melted. Judy administers it to me and her faithful heart is so wrung with compassion that she perspires almost as much as I do. She wrings a linen sheet out in a caldron of boiling water and shrouds me in it for the agony—and then more and more blanket windings envelop me until I am like the mummy of some Egyptian giantess. I have ice on the back of my neck and my forehead, and murder for the whole world in my heart. Once I got so discouraged at the idea of having all this hades in this life that I mingled tears with the beads of perspiration that rolled down my cheeks, and she snatched me out of those steaming grave-clothes in less time than it akes to tell it, soused me in a tub of cold water, fed me a chicken wing and a hot biscuit and the information that I was "good-looking enough for anybody to eat up alive without all this foolishness," all in a very few seconds. Now I have to beg her to help me and I heard her tell her nephew, who does the gardening, that she felt like an undertaker with such goings-on. At any rate, if it all kills me it won't be my fault if anybody has to lie in saying that I was "beautiful in death."

But now that more than a month has passed, I really don't mind it so much. I feel so good and strong and prancy all the time that I can't keep from bubbling. I have to smile at myself.

Then another thing that helps is Billy and his ball. I never could really play with him before, but now I can't help it. But an awful thing happenped about that yesterday. We were in the garden playing over by the lilac bushes and Billy always beats me because when he runs to base he throws himself down and slides along on the grass on his little stomach as he sees the real players do over at the ball grounds. Then all of a sudden, before I knew it, I just did the same thing, and we slid to the flower pot we use as a base together, each on his own stomach. And what did Billy do but begin right there on the grass the kind of tussle we always have in the big rocking chair on the porch! Over and over we rolled, Billy chuckling and squealing while I laughed myself all out of breath. I'm glad I always would wear delicious petticoats, for there, looking right over my front fence, I discovered Judge Benton Wade. I wish I could write down how I felt, for I never had that sensation before and I don't believe I'll ever have it again.

I have always thought that Judge Wade was really the most wonderful man in Hillsboro, not because he is a judge so young in life that there is only a white sprinkle in his lovely black hair that grows back off his head like Napoleon's and Charles Wesley's, but because of his smile, which you wait for so long that you glow all over when you get it. I have seen him do it once or twice at his mother when he seats her in their pew at church and once at little Mamie Johnson when she gave him a flower through their fence as he passed by one day last week, but I never thought I should have one all to myself. But there it was, a most beautiful one, long and slow and distinctly mine—at least I didn't think much of it was for Billy. I sat up and blushed as red all over as I do when I first hit that tub of cold water.

"I hope you'll forgive an intruder, Mrs. Carter, but how could a mortal resist a peep into the garden of the gods if he spied the queen and her faun at play?" he said in a voice as wonderful as the smile. By that time I had reefed in my ruffles around my feet and pushed in all my hair pins. Billy stood spread-legged as near in front of me as he could get and said in the rudest possible tone of voice:

"Get away from my Molly, man!"

I never was so mortified in all my life and I scrambled to my feet and came over to the fence to get between him and Billy.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it, Judge Wade?" I asked with the greatest interest, which I didn't really feel, in the weather; but what could I think of to say? A woman is apt to keep the image of a good many of the grand men she sees passing around her in queer niches in her brain, and when one steps out and speaks to her for the first time it is confusing. Of course I have known the judge and his mother all my life, for she is one of Aunt Adeline's best friends, but I had a feeling from the look in his eyes that that very minute was the first time he had ever seen me. It was lovely and I blushed some more as I put my hand up to my cheek so I wouldn't have to look right at him.

"About the loveliest day that ever happened in Hillsboro," he said, and there was still more of the delicious smile, "though I hadn't noticed it so especially, until—"

But I never knew what he had intended to say, for Billy suddenly swelled up like a little turkey cock and cut out with his switch at the judge.

"Git, man, git, and let my Molly alone!" he said, in a perfect thunder-tone of voice; but I almost laughed, for it had such a sound in it like Doctor John's at his most positive times with Billy and me.

"No, no, Billy, the judge is just looking over the fence at our flowers! Don't you want to give him a rose?" I hurried to say as the smile died out of Judge Wade's face and he looked at Billy intently.

"How like John Moore the youngster is," he said, and his voice was so cold to Billy that it hurt me, and I was afraid Billy would notice it. Coldness in people's voices always makes me feel just like ice cream tastes. But Billy's answer was still more rude.

"You better go, man, before I bring my father to sic our dog on you," he exploded, and before I could stop him his thin little legs went trundling down the garden path toward home.

Then the judge and I both laughed. We couldn't help it. When two people laugh straight into each other's eyes something feels dangerous and you get closer together. The judge leaned farther over the fence and I went a little nearer before I knew it.

"You don't need to keep a personal dog, do you, Mrs. Carter?" he asked, with a twinkle that might have been a spark in his eyes, and just at that moment another awful thing happened. Aunt Adeline came out on the front porch and said in the most frozen tone of voice:

"Mary, I wish to speak to you in the house," and then walked back through the front door without even looking in Judge Wade's direction, though he had waved his hat with one of his mother's own smiles when he had seen her before I did. One of my most impossible habits is, when2 there is nothing else to do I laugh. I did it then and it saved the day, for we both laughed into each others eyes a second time, and before we realized it we were within whispering distance.

"No, I don't— don't—need any dog," I said softly, hardly glancing out from under my lashes because I was afraid to risk looking straight at him so soon. I could fairly feel Aunt Adeline's eyes boring into my back.

"It would take the hydra-headed monster of—may I bring my mother to call on you and the—Mrs. Henderson?" he asked and poured the wonder smile all over me. Again I almost caught my breath.

"I do wish you would. Aunt Adeline is so fond of Mrs. Wade!" I said in a positive flutter that I hope he didn't see, but I am afraid he did, for he hesitated as if he wanted to say something to calm me, then bowed mercifully and went on down the street. He didn't put on the hat he had held in his hand all the while he stood by the fence until he had looked back and bowed again. Then I felt still more fluttered as I went into the house, but I received the third cold plunge of the day when I reached the front hall.

To Be Continued.

Multiplication in Wheat.

In Cambridge, Mass., an experiment was recently conducted to ascertain the amount of grain that can be obtained from one parent seed. Twenty grains of wheat were planted and found to multiply into 709,701 grains. This process has long been known to the Chinese, who treat their fields like gardens. The seeds are planted in widely spaced lines on mellow land. The tufts springing from each seed are divided and planted separately. In this way there are formed many new shoots.

Sterilizing Milk.

Government experiments have recently been made in the use of ultra-violet rays for the sterilization of milk. Milk spread out in a thin layer by means of a revolving drum is subjected to the influence of rays generated by a quartz mercury-vapor lamp. This treatment has been found efficacious for sterilizing purposes.

Only **45c**

For This Fashionable **Auto Hood**

for ladies and misses. A style hit of the new season at a price to make you wonder. Just to show you what our Great Challenge Sale means to you. Hundreds of stupendous bargains like this, stylish auto hood. Made of excellent quality pure worsted yarn in the very fancy flat rag weave. Excellent knitting, turn back around front with large rosette on either side. Fancy silk covered button. Has knitted ties. A very popular hood this season and usually sells for not less than 60c. Comes in navy blue, cardinal or pure white. When ordering by mail or by parcel post, be sure to give color desired. Order by No. 1105AB. Our Challenge Price . . . 45c

Order NOW If you want one of these fetching hoods don't wait. Order direct from this ad. If not perfectly pleased send it back and we will return your money.

FREE New Fall Style Book and Special Offers

We offer 10,000 bargains—everything for the home and family at amazing direct prices. Get your name on our mailing list. SEND TODAY SURE!

W. & H. Walker 5148 Herr's Island, Pittsburgh, Pa.

4 FREE FARM PLAN BOOKS

THE SILO BOOK, Vol. 37
THE BARN BOOK, Vol. 4
FARM NEEDS BOOK, Vol. 20
THE CARPENTRY BOOK, Vol. 36

All of above are in the Cypress Pocket Library, a collection of practical, helpful, **authoritative** treatise on farm subjects, each written by a born and raised farmer. These books are handsomely illustrated and each contains complete working plans, detail drawings and specifications that have genuine value for building. They do not recommend Cypress for all uses—but only where Cypress is the **known** "one best wood" for the particular use.

The Silo Book shows you how to build the **"Even Temperature" Silo,** the best and most thoroughly practical ever designed. Built of regular lumber stock from your local dealer's yard. It is the acknowledged authority on Silo building; exhaustive on Silo economy. A dozen detail plans.

The Carpentry Book shows easy "short cuts" to many knotty problems in house and barn framing. 12 plans; many illustrations.

The Barn Book contains full plans, detail drawings and specifications for 3 farm barns and an 8-horse stable. Illustrated.

The Farm Needs Book has plans for 2 general purpose barns, a large stock barn, a poultry house, hog house, double corn crib, a frame, **"never freeze" Silo,** small conservatory and 72 pages of conservative text. Illustrated.

All are free for the asking. Mark on the coupon which you want, or all, and send to us this very day. We want you to have these books. You need them. **"Now" is "tonight."**

Southern Cypress Mfrs. Ass'n.
Hibernia Bank Building
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Southern Cypress Mfrs' Ass'n.
112 Hibernia Bank Bldg., New Orleans, La.

Please send me book marked in square, FREE.

- ☐ Silo Book, Vol. 37 (Lots of Plans)
- ☐ Carpentry Book, Vol. 36 (12 Plans)
- ☐ Barn Book, Vol. 4 (Plans Enough)
- ☐ Farm Needs Book, Vol. 20 (8 Plans)

R.F.D.____ Town____

State____

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1913.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is especially prepared for the American home.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

No day can be dreary if the heart is frolicsome.

A man is never too old to learn, but he may be too obstinate.

Some people use all their imagination picturing troubles that never come.

Mexico is our notion of no place for the person with a sweet disposition.

Striking hens of the country remain firm. There has been no violence so far.

More chaplains are needed in the navy. The man behind the gun cannot do everything.

Zig-zag roads are said to be the best. However that may be, they are the most interesting to the traveler.

One health officer says colds may be caught from kissing. Still, there is nothing romantic about a case of sniffles.

President Wilson is so busy with other matters that he may not be able to reduce the cost of living until his second term.

President Wilson says his conscience is his boss. If all men were like that wives would be relieved of a load of responsibility.

It speaks well for the preachers of the country that the world is growing better, notwithstanding the small salaries they receive.

Women are not admitted to the American academy of immortals and, let it be recorded to their credit, they are not fussing about it.

That picture of Jessie Wilson at work in the kitchen ought to be an inspiration to girls, but it isn't probable that sort of thing will become a fad.

Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain tells women whose marriage is unhappy to aid suffrage. Mrs. Boissevain is one of the cause's enthusiastic supporters.

The time is coming when the government will demand experience in every department, with the possible exception of the vice presidency, where there is nothing to do.

It is always interesting when two men, one with thirty-five cents and the other with a Canadian dime in his pocket, begin telling what they would do if they had a million dollars.

A horse that "feels his oats" can be converted into a high-stepper by training, though he may not possess any more brains than a plough horse. In human beings high-stepping may be inherited or acquired.

There is so much talk about eugenic husbands—what should be their average weight? And should a eugenic wife be corn-fed? If there is to be no delicacy in this matter we may as well have all the facts and theories.

When an individual starts out to reform himself he doesn't ask anybody to finance the movement. What a lot of money could be saved if everybody would resolve to be decent on his own account and then live up to the resolution.

After all, the conservation of calves looks like the most sensible thing that has been suggested for a long time. It would seem much better to let the calf mature into a heavyweight steer than to kill it for the accommodation of somebody who wants a pound of liver.

MR. EDISON REBELS.

The antithesis of work is play. But doctor folk seem not to think so. They order a man to stop working and clap him into a room under explicit command not to move about, get excited, bother about his business affairs, read the newspapers, talk to friends, or engage in any game that is likely in the least to tire his mind. This is called rest by the physicians and amounts to torture if one has been accustomed to active ways.

Thomas A. Edison has rebelled against the sick-room, as might have been expected even by a doctor whose word has been law among the ill. He couldn't stand the quiet, the constant attention, the endless do-nothing. "Overwork won't hurt me," he said, "but lack of work knocks me out." Which is quite easy to believe. In comparison with the strain of doing nothing at all, neither working nor playing, the strain of overwork is a mere trifle.

Medicine has been making quite wonderful discoveries in recent years. This should give people hope that some day soon it will discover that there are few things more frightfully hard on a reasonably active man's being than the sickrooms which the men of medicine arrange.

THE FARMER IN THE MUCKRAKE

Addressing the National Grange in Manchester, N. H., Secretary Houston, of the department of agriculture, said that from every part of the country came reports of:

"Increasing tenancy and absentee ownership, of soils depleted and exploited, of inadequate business methods, of chaotic marketing and distribution, of inferior roads, of lack of supervision of public health and sanitation, of isolated and ill-organized social activities and of inferior intellectual provision."

If Secretary Houston's reading was a little broader, he would be less disturbed over the state of agriculture in America. For this is a period in which every one nearly is taking a whack at something, pointing out weaknesses and abuses at every corner, relating tales of muddleheadedness and general inefficiency and failure, expressing wonder that the nation does not fall and calculating the date when the race will cease to exist—and enjoying the business tremendously. You see headings in the newspapers, "What Is the Matter With the Clergy?" and discover in the text that some clergyman is laying out his fellows for sins and shortcomings. You find magazines growing rich beyond avarice by trying to show that the industrial foundation is laid in quicksand. Lecturers, politicians and yellow journals thrive by the distribution of denunciation and criticisms. Ten years ago, we were patting ourselves on the back as "some people." Today, we are garmenting ourselves in mud.

It stands to reason that in this tempest of censure and carping the farmers must take their share. But the secretary of agriculture ought not to worry. Next season may see the tide setting the other way and from the sections whence come yarns about "soils depleted and exploited" may come reports of marvelous yields. Instead of complaints of "inferior intellectual provision," the countryside may be boasting once more the achievments of the Little Red Schoolhouse.

WEATHER BUREAU LANGUAGE.

The investigation of the weather bureau for its alleged failure to give the mariners of the lakes due warning of the hurricane, if the president responds to Congressman Gordon's urgent suggestion, will probably lead to no dismissals, censurings or punishments of any kind. The bureau can show that it did issue the usual storm warnings, flew its flags and posted its maps. Making a case against the weatherman upon this one point is likely to prove a failure.

But we believe some good results might develop from such an inquiry. It might, for one thing, result in a change in the form or language in which weather predictions have been put out since first the government took up the trade. These are more or less vague, indicating a quite human desire on the part of meteorological scientists to play safe. The word "probable," it seems to us, has been overworked. "Unsettled" might stand for a tempest in the mind of the weatherman, and would let him out if there was one, but in the mind of the everyday citizen the word would mean no more than that it might be wise to carry no umbrella to work tomorrow. If the bureau thinks it possible that there may be a gale, it ought to say so, even if events prove it sometimes mistaken. For it were better there should be some unnecessary idleness than that life and property be endangered. Instead of discussions about barometric pressure and areas of disturbance, the bureau might do better by reciting the weather chances simply and directly.

There is, of course, nothing much more uncertain than weather. But surely weather predictions do not have to be so uncertain in wording and tone that no one can read a plain warning in them when a warning is intended.

READJUSTING THE INCOME TAX.

The frightful muddle of the income tax law will scarcely be endured even if within the next few months it has been interpreted by the courts and the machinery for its collection has ceased to rattle and scream amid its complicated parts. For new conditions are bound to arise, new questions, new protests over its needless bunglesomeness. It is highly probable that congress will revise the law altogether or substitute for it something as serviceable, but less unworthy of the intelligence of law-makers.

Under the present law, income is income, no matter what its source may be. It would be only fair to draw distinctions so that enterprise is not mulcted for its daring and its labors, the tax income that is derived from "doing things," from taking risks for the world's improvement and good, from personal labor, energy and perseverance, might escape taxation or be let off lightly, while income from inherited fortunes, from investments amply secured and involving no chances, would carry the burden.

It is just that those who derive most under the license and security provided by our institutions should give freely to the support of those institutions. It is only just, too, that those who have done the least in effort or enterprise to maintain and strengthen the institutions should contribute more than their working brethern.

THE TRIBUTE THE LAKES TAKE

Furteen thousand they number and more, these vessels for which the storms have been too strong, the waves too high, the ice too heavy, the rocks hidden in the mist and the snow, fourteen thousand brigs, barks, sloops, schooners, lightships, tugs and steamers since La Salle's fur-laden Griffin sailed for the foot of the lakes and never so much as left a spar to chronicle her last hours.

They have piled on the shores. They have broken their backs upon breakwaters. Some in the earlier day of metal construction were lifted amidships and snapped in two. Some were whipped with freezing spray and slowly and surely yielded to the weight until the seas poured in.

There was the "Frozen Ship," victim of the inhospitable Superior. She was a schooner that put out from Duluth just before a big November storm and disappeared from the shipping records until weeks after a trapper came upon her on the shore of the wilderness. Two men lay in their bunks frozen stiff and the fate of their mates can only be surmised by the fact that the snow upon the decks was marked with the foot prints of wild animals. Somewhere in the same sea lies the Bannockburn and the bones of her twenty-two men, victims, too, of the "ice devils." The last word from her was the stenciled name, Bannockburn, upon an oar found a year and a half after she had left port. The Atlanta keeps her company and the Queen of the West.

It was the Queen of the West, flying signals of distress, that ran from her rescuer, Cordurus, Captain McKenzie. "Why don't you heave to?" bellowed McKenzie. "I can't," came back the answer. "We're almost gone and if we stop our engines for a second we'll go down like a chunk of lead." The Cordurus, trembling with the strain of it, ranged alongside. The Queen's engines were stopped. Her crew leaped to safety and the Cordurus jerked away just in time to escape the whirlpool of the Queen of the West as she went to her grave.

The ice devils of Superior helped Captain James Jackson to that fame which will last while the lakes are navigated. Off Whitefish Point, Jackson, of the Yale, sighted the freighter W. F. Sauber wallowing heavily under a burden of ice and calculating the hours when 'twould all be over with her. The Yale stood by, but could not lower a boat. Darkness came down and the Yale, too, was groaning under the frozen spendrift. An hour of life was left the Sauber and Jackson called for volunteers to make one last attempt at rescue. Though every bit of spray that fell on oar, or clothes, or hand, or face, froze where it struck, the volunteers won to the side of the Sauber and brought back every man of her except the captain, who refused to go. Thirty minutes more and the Sauber went down and the Yale hurried on to the "Soo" to save her own self from the accumulating ice.

Not only sailor and oiler and stoker have come to their end in the waters of the Great Lakes. The death-roll of passengers also is a long one Twenty-four of them died on the Ironsides within sight of the steeples and chimneys of Grand Haven. Seventy were on the passenger list of the Pewable, lost off Thunder Bay light in Lake Huron. When the Erie burned, 170 perished. When the Lady Elgin came into collision with the schooner Augusta, 300 men, women and children were drowned and as many were lost with the Atlantic, off Long Point, in Lake Erie. The record of the Asia is one hundred lives, that of the G. P. Griffin, burned and sunk twenty miles east of Cleveland, 286, mostly women and children.

Fortunes in coal lie scattered on the lake bottoms where the Gilcher, Ostrich and St. Peter went to pieces. Treasure hunters recovered something from the Dean Richmond, they have never told how much. But there are riches and luxury still for whomsoever finds and recovers the cargoes of the Fay, the Young Sion, the Kent, the Clarion, the R. G. Coburn or the City of Detroit. Even yet, it is said, there is value in the Lexington, the Anthony Wayne and the Westmoreland, lost all three of them with holds loaded with barrels of whisky.

And if it is mystery that is most to your liking, there is the tale of the Chicora, that put out of St. Joseph and disappeared utterly from human knowledge, or that of the Alpena, seen for the last time thirty miles out of Chicago. Fifty-seven names were on the Alpena's crew and passenger lists. Who knows anything of the Nashua, or the Gilcher or the Hudson, that went forth and never came back? When the waves of the lakes are gathered up, the drying sands will be studded with rusting steel and weed covered timber, sole memorials of vessels that were overwhelmed before ever a dory could be dropped overside.

Fourteen thousand they number and more, these vessels for which the storms have been too strong, the waves too high, the rocks hidden by mist and snow.

A person of perfect self-control is one who can keep his mind off an incipient boil on the back of his neck.

Don't You Want to Join "The National Thrift League?"

THE National Thrift League has many million members. Its purpose is to get 100 cents' value for every dollar spent on clothing, foods, farm implements, household necessities—even luxuries.

These people save themselves millions of dollars a year—and they get the most that money can buy anywhere.

Because the members of the National Thrift League are people who have learned the economy of buying none but advertised goods.

Reflect what stands back of good advertising——integrity of character; careful, quick service; stocks of merit and in quantity large enough to meet the greatest demand; definite standards of quality; competition that is constantly forcing quality up and prices down.

Do you want to share in the great savings that come to members of the National Thrift League?

You are eligible—all you need do is to buy the kind of goods advertised in the Weekly Blade.

For Thrift's sake, be wise.

Some of the goods advertised here you can buy at your local stores—others you can get quickly through the mails—the National Thrift League buys both ways.

New and Exclusive Patterns in Nottingham Lace Curtains and Three-Piece Bed Sets.

Special Announcement to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

A great many of our readers have expressed themselves as highly pleased with our new premiums; of this verdict, however, we felt assured because our new premiums are of better quality than we have ever been able to secure before, and of latest design. In order that we might have exclusive right to these pieces, we were compelled to contract for the entire output of a large eastern lace mill. These new premiums are of exceptionally fine value and are a combination of style, grace and beauty—the very latest in the lace manufacturers' art.

Nottingham Lace Curtains.

This new pattern embraces a composite design of all that is new in lace curtain style. You will find the popular cluny lace appliqued on a background entwined by graceful ribbon festoons in true lovers' knot groupings, and a beautifully drawn floral spray seemingly scattered carelessly through the border.

This curtain is of our usual high standard quality, and you will find it will wear splendidly. It is made of strong material and has buttonhole stitched edges for further protection. Comes standard size, two and a half yards long and thirty inches wide. All of our curtains are the same pattern, therefore subscribers receiving pairs at different times will always find them to match. You should at least furnish one room with these beautiful and tasty curtains.

Three-Piece Lace Bed Sets.

This Bed Set is made from a very fine quality of genuine Nottingham Lace and is strong and of good wearing quality. The Set consists of one spread, size about 70 inches wide and 90 inches long, and two shams to match, size 30 inches square.

In addition to improving the quality, we offer you a decidedly larger set this year, and one that is extremely new in style and very effective in laciness.

The design is a galaxy of floral garlands, centered on a Shadow Lace background, embellished with a ribbon entwined Cluny lace insertion. Large medallions center both spread and shams. Deep lace borders with heavy overstitched scallops are a fitting finish to each piece. The combination has been so beautifully worked out that the whole effect is positively the handsomest and most refined we have ever seen.

We want everybody to have one of these Bed Sets in their homes. It will add a finishing touch in gracefulness to your bedroom or guest chamber.

How to Obtain These Premiums.

On the first day of each month we will mail to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, a notice giving choice of several propositions for renewal. Therefore all subscribers whose time expires during December should receive our proposition by December 1st. If not received by December 4th please notify us and a duplicate will be mailed. All who send us a club of 10 or more subscribers will receive one pair of Lace Curtains by mail postpaid, and for a club of 20 or more subscribers one three-piece Lace Bed Set postpaid by mail. We shall be prepared for the majority of our readers to send us clubs of 10 or 20 names, thereby availing themselves of our curtain or lace bed set proposition. We do not make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time, as it would be impossible to serve all at once. Our mill cannot supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enables us to take care each month of all subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to December subscribers only, and 30 days later the January people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month.

We have just mailed to all of our subscribers whose time expires during the month of December our special propositions for renewals and the raising of clubs. When you receive your notice, please read carefully the several propositions we make; you will find them exceedingly liberal and we feel confident that you not only will renew promptly, but that you will induce a large number of your neighbors and friends to join with you.

NOT SO BAD

The cabinet at Washington seems most of it away from its several offices telling somebody something abou a lot of things little related to the business of a cabinet job.

From letters published by a dismissed secretary, it is made to appear that ambassadorial positions are being placed on a short-contract basis for the purpose of paying ancient political obligations.

Currency reform hangs fire, and the President hints that congress is trying to adjourn in order to collect mileage.

It looks as if Ohio's right to reduce the number of saloons is going to be put up to the supreme court of the United States to pass on. "King" Larkin is preaching a sort of labor holy war in England. Ulster buys a shipload of arms with which to fight the home rule its parliamentary officers are trying to give it. Sulzer, the unashamed, is on the lecture warpath and the price of eggs is sky-high.

A pretty tough world, isn't it—if you look only at the toughness? But there are turkeys in the butcher shops, cranberriees by the barrel at the grocer's, and against the store windows, now filling with Christmas things, little children are pressing their noses.

A very decent, delightful and interesting old world after all.

IN GEOLOGICAL TIME.

The seconds in geological time are centuries, the minutes and hours, bundles of myriads of years of which a few added or a few taken away are not worth bothering about. So that to say man is 500,000 years old—as one scientist has announced a willingness to argue—is not to say man is very old. As compared with the fossils which may occasionally be picked out of the gravel banks in Lucas county roadways, or judged by the age of the beings whose forms are moulded in the rocks at Silica or Whitehouse, he is a mere waddling infant.

As we know how the infant overcomes his weakness, gains the gift of attention, the art of speech and the power to walk, so may we feel confident that man will overcome his weakness, deliver himself from his passions, learn powers of which he has now not even the ability to dream. Add to his five hundred thousand years, a hundred thousand only and the world that will be man's then may be as little like man's world today as Paradise is like a block of slum tenements.

WHY INTERVENE NOW?

If getting rid of Huerta is President Wilson's sole desire, it is quite possible that his wish can be gratified without the necessity of marching an army over the Mexican borders and blockading the ports. The President has only to bide his time.

For the conditions at the City of Mexico are the kind that breed intrigues and plots. Huerta has gained his recent successes only at the price of accumulating a great store of enemies. For every point he has made he has provided a group of politicians with a new reason to hate him.

Respect for law and order is at ebb in Mexico. The great thing respected is might. And if any men feel that their might is stronger than Huerta's there will be shooting and stabbing again in the streets of the capital. For the President to interfere now would be to waste treasure and risk the lives of American soldiers and sailors. It seems far more simple to wait the intervention of the native assassin.

DEVELOPMENTS OF WAR.

Besides the blood and treasure that Bulgaria lost in its war with Turkey and the reverse-English war with its allies, it lost about 7,000 square miles of territory to the blackmailer Roumania, immensely fertile and supporting a population of 286,000 persons, almost all of whom are Bulgarians. The land Bulgaria has taken from Turkey has scarcely 4,000 square miles suitable for agriculture, only one or two important cities and towns and a population that for the most part holds Bulgaria in detestation.

Two things seem to be indicated by Bulgaria's experience: That war is a very uncertain enterprise even for a brave and patriotic people and that Bulgaria's next military excursion will be against the Roumanians.

AS IT LOOKS AT A DISTANCE.

Murphy, of Tammany Hall, was foolish enough to cause the impeachment of a governor whose crime, in Murphy's eyes, consisted solely in being untrue to Tammany. On top of that indiscretion, he has lost an election and now the anti-Tammany press of New York is working itself into a fury of eagerness to get Tammany Hall to depose its battered chief.

Tammany reorganized might be the same old shrewd and unscrupulous institution while Tammany in Murphy's hands might continue to lose power and contribute a part of its membership to the state's penitentiary. It would seem the reasonable thing for those who sincerely desire Tammany's complete ruin to pray long and fervently that Murphy hold tightly to his chieftaincy.

OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL.

The case of President William C. Brown, who rose from the section gang to the head of the New York Central lines, has so many parallels in the United States that his climb is one of the last things for which Mr. Brown can claim distinction. It has been done often enough. And it will be done quite as frequently in the future. For if there is any one determination the people of this country purpose clinging to more than anything else, it is that opportunity shall be open to all.

Sunday School

THE CRISIS AND THE CROSSING

The International Sunday School Lesson for November 30 Is "Crossing the Jordan." Joshua 3:1-17; Psalm 114.

By William T. Ellis.

Rivers ever have been the great geographical dividers; none more so than the Jordan. In fact, as well as a figure of speech, the Jordan is the great line of crisis and crossing. It is today, as it has been for millenniums, the stream that separates the land of law from the wilderness. So long as one remains on this side of the Jordan, when travelling in the Holy Land, he is reasonably safe.

On my first night east of the Jordan I was attacked by highwaymen. I well remember the panic of our chief muleteer at being left alone for a short time on the other side of Jordan. As my party drew near to the Jordan River, various lone travellers attached themselves to us, that they might have the protection of "the man with the hat." Only the law of the gun runs east of the Jordan. A Circassian settlement recently established there found the outlawry so great that they had to serve notice upon the Arab sheiks round about that thereafter, for every Circassian killed, two Arabs would be killed, irrespective of their personal relation to the crime.

About where the Israelites crossed the Jordan there is now a small covered bridge, to pass over which costs a toll. Loud and long are the wrangles of the poor Arabs who want to go one way or another. One young chap had to leave his cloak with the toll-keeper, until a foreigner redeemed it for him.

The Old Testament story is true to the facts of all history, and of present-day life, when it makes the crossing of the Jordan a crisis in the affairs of the children of Israel. The seriousness of it is implied in the figure of speech which makes the River of Death the River Jordan, separating the pilgrim from the Promised Land.

Vague notions of Eastern geography will prevent many persons from catching the significance of this whole Bible story. The Jordan represented the end of Israel's wanderings. Across its tawny flood lay the Land of Promise. The Israelites had come down the steep descent from the uplands of Moab. Before their desert-tired eyes spread the stately palms and luxuriant greens of the Jordan Valley. Only the river intervened between them and a tropical luxuriance equal to anything they had seen along the Nile.

The situation was dramatic. Spies had crossed the river and had brought back a good report. They found that the fame of Jehovah had preceded the people of Jehovah. The mighty providences of the pilgrimage through the wilderness had run as tidings of warning ahead of the hosts of Israel. In the fortified city of Jericho, the first point of attack to be faced by the Jews, the hearts of the people had become as water. They had heard that these strangers were the special proteges of Jehovah; how He had led them, and fed them and brought them thitherto, had gone before them, magnifying His name.

These same spies had received hospitality from Rahab, and by her been protected in her house on the city wall, so that they pledged her, that when they should come in conquest—as she, in common with the rest of the city, believed would be the case—her family would be spared from punishment. All this news was heartening to the waiting children of Israel. They knew that they had but to "go up and possess the land," as they had so often been assured.

Every Man's Jordan.

This is a good story to read in times of crisis for the individual and for the nation. As Towell says:

"Once to every man and nation comes a moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Pass the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And that choice goes by forever, 'twixt that darkness and that light."

The plight of the Israelites is a picture of the state of mind of many persons who will read these lines. They are perturbed over the future. The prevalence of "success" literature indicates the widespread concern of what the changing days are to bring forth. Family councils are meeting everywhere to consider the ominous tomorrow. Statesmen and captains of industry show the same note of anxiety. Theodore Roosevelt spoke a present word when he said "The one plain duty of every man is to face the future as he faces the present, regardless of what it may have in store for him, and turning toward the right, as he sees the light, to play his part manfully as among men." All of which is but to say "Trust in God and do the right."

The Ark Going Before.

The procession was preceded by the priests. They bore before them the visible symbol of Jehovah's presence, the Ark of the Covenant. The act visualized the greatest thought in Israel's history; namely, that they were in the care of God. Their times were in His hands. Following Him, they could not go wrong.

Every Christian's personal plight resembles Israel's wanderings. The other day a man perplexed by strange providences confessed his faith thus: "I am in the mills of God. He is guiding my life; and I am sure He means to use the flour for bread. I cannot understand the trials through which I am passing; but I am certain that God is doing something with my life. I shall await His time for the outcome."

Every reverent historian of the affairs of mankind in the large has come to the same conclusion, that "Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
keeping watch upon his own."

Even the day's newspaper is, in its deeper and broader meanings, unintelligible to one who takes no account of God in present history. The great thing is to find out where the Ark of God is going and then follow after. The Children of Israel were reassurred for the crossing of the Jordan by the presence of the visible symbol of Jehovah.

The Great Hour.

No great painter, so far as I recall, has ever attempted this scene. On the farther side of Jordon's flood gathered the hosts of Israel. Tents were down; loins were girt. All were looking forward to the actions of the priests who should go before them. The nervous strain of a bride on her wedding day is not comparable with the tension under which the Israelites lay at this moment.

Their past lay behind them; what of the future? What awaited them in the new life just beyond Jordan? Was their new leader equal to his great task? How formidable were the enemies? Could they trust themselves to meet this new emergency? It was a critical hour in Israel's history.

Like many another, it was met, by Divine direction, with a religious preparation. As many Christian homes are established by a ceremony of dedication, so these Jews were prepared for their new life by ceremonial purification. The injunction was that they should sanctify themselves, for tomorrow the Lord would do wonders for them.

Then followed the stately march of the priests down to the river's edge. As in the crossing of the Red Sea, so here, the waters were divided before their feet. When God says go ahead, the business of making a path is his. We are not particularly interested as to whether this drying up of the Jordan was due to a landslide thirty miles above,—a phenomena which has happened—or whether it was a direct interposition of God. The artist's tools concern us less than the artist's thought. God is always doing the impossible. Shall we refuse to accept the sunset because we do not know the scientific theory of such an amazing coloration?

It is enough to erect pillars of memorial, even as did the Hebrews, who crossed dry-shod, in token that God had led them hitherto. It is enough for us to know that God has been for us, and with us, and ahead of us.

The present truth of this great history is all gathered up for the friend of Jehovah in the Golden Text of the Lesson: "Fear thou not, I am with thee." The message is one of courage. It is an inspiration to dare do hard things. The croakers who fear that these new times are altogether desolate of God and religion because they are new, have not studied their Scripture aright. All through the centuries God has been leading His people forward to fresh experiences and larger triumphs. The way of the Kingdom is an untrodden way, but the Ark leads on.

Gems of American Humor

Selections From the Works of the Country's Foremost Humorists.

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co.

MRS. PARTINGTON, by B. P. Shillaber.

HOW limpid you walk!" said a voice behind us as we were making a hundred and fifty horse-power effort to reach a table whereon reposed a volume of Bacon. "What is the cause of your lameness?

It was Mrs. Partington's voice that spoke, and Mrs. Partington's eyes that met the glance we returned over our left shoulder.

"Gout," said we, briefly, almost surlily.

"Dear me," said she, "you are highly flavored! It was only rich people and epicacs in living that had the gout in olden times."

"Ah!" we growled, partly in response and partly with an infernal twinge.

"Poor soul!" she continued, with commiseration like an anodyne in the tones of her voice; "the best remedy I know of for it is an embarkation of Roman wormwood and lobelia for the part infected, though some say a cranberry poultice is best; but I believe the cranberries is for erisipilis, and whether either of 'em is a rostrum for the gout or not I really don't know. If it was a fraction of the arm I could jest know how to subscribe."

We looked into her eyes with a determination to say something severely bitter, because we felt allopathic just then, but the kind and sympathizing look that met our own disarmed severity, and, sinking into a seat with our coveted Bacon, we thanked her.

"I've always noticed," said Mrs. Partington on New York's Day, dropping her voice to the key that people adopt when they are disposed to be philosophical or moral. "I've always noticed that every year added to a man's life is apt to make him older, just as a man who goes a journey finds, as he jogs on, that every mile he goes brings him nearer where he is going and further from where he started. I am not so young as I was once, and I don't believe I shall ever be, if I live to the age of Samson, which heaven knows as well as I do I don't want to, for I wouldn't be a centurian or an octagon, and survive my factories and become idiomatic by any means. But then there is no knowing how a thing will turn out till it takes place, and we shall come to an end some day, though we may never live to see it."

There was a smart tap on the looking-glass that hung upon the wall, followed instantly by another.

"Gracious!" said she, "what's that? I hope the glass isn't fractioned, for it's a sure sign of calamity, and mercy knows they come along full fast enough without helping 'em by breaking looking-glasses."

There was another tap and she caught sight of a white bean that fell on the floor, and there, reflected in the glass, was the face of Ike, who was blowing beans at the mirror through a crack in the door.

"Mrs. Partington et als.!" said Mrs. P., as Ike read a eulogistic notice of herself and retinue thus headed. "Is that so, Isaac?"

"'Tain't nothing else," replied he, thrusting the cat's head through the paper which served as an elaborated choker.

"Et als.!" mused she. "I never ate als in my life that I know of, though there is so many dishes with new names that one might forget 'em all unless he is an epicac."

Cost of living is lower in Minneapolis than in any of the largest 25 cities of the United States. Cost of living increased less in Minneapolis than in any of these cities in the last year. These facts are demonstrated by figures given out by the industrial department of the Minneapolis Civic and Commerce Association.

VARIETIES

Japan is encouraging the fruit growing industry.

Moscow cab drivers are prohibited by law from carrying whips.

India buys vast quantities of American lanterns.

Bohemia last year grew 353,5[illegible] acres of sugar beets.

Portugal yearly produces more than 198,000,000 pounds of cork.

Horse hair automobile tires have been patented by a French inventor.

The X-ray turned on a bale of tobacco destroys the insect and germ life therein.

Labrador has an area of 200,000 square miles, but the population is only 4,000.

The smoke nuisance costs the American people nearly $50,000,000 every year.

It is figured that Englishmen pay golf caddies $12,000,00 a year for their services.

Every day in the year there are eaten in New York city 342,[illegible] bushels of potatoes.

A windmill is employed in England to light a church and parsonage and pump the organ.

India has 315,000,000 people, less than half of whom can read even their native vernaculars.

In 1912 more than 100,000 persons returned to Naples from the United States.

An acre of good fishing ground will produce more food in a week than an acre of land in a year.

Greece has a limited supply of forest timber. This is mostly mountain pine, which does not yield a first-grade lumber.

Rabbits are becoming as great a pest in Argentina as in Australia. A cannery has been started, the tins being exported.

Huge linen shields, raised high in the air on poles, are used to protect young trees in Berlin parks from too much sunshine.

Of 74,000 locomotives inspected last year by the interestate commerce commission more than 48,000 were found defective.

An aerial cableway 75 miles long, the greatest in the world, will be built in northern India, to provide transportation for a region where the soil conditions make a railroad impracticable.

A hematite ore discovery on the Kleena river has been acquired by a Vancouver company. It is stated that a large body of ore has been removed by a glacier and deposited over an area a mile square.

It is said that the time ball of the Greenwich observatory has never been wrong except one day in 1878, when it was a half second late.

Paint and oil purchases by the government for the present year show a decrease of 10 per cent in cost, as compared with those of last year.

The German government has ordered the construction of a plant which will use government coal and be capable of producing 6,000,000 gallons of benzol, the new fuel, annually.

There are 55 species of oak trees in the United States, about evenly divided between the east and the west. The eastern species and particularly white oaks are the most valuable.

The number of articles handled by the Egyptian postoffice department during 1912 is estimated at 1,619,5[illegible] about one million six hundred thousand more than in 1911.

Exports to Germany exceeded $187,000,000 in the eight months ending with August, and imports from the nation were above $118,000,000, an aggregate trade of more than $305,000,000.

It is estimated that there are more than 400,000,000 acres of land in the Russian steppes which would be exceedingly well suited to the production of cotton if properly irrigated.

Along the highways at Topsham, Me., where new state roads are being built, wild apple trees outside the old stone walls are being grafted with summer apples. Big trees bear metal signs informing the public that the fruit is for public use, simply requesting care and consideration.

The state of Idaho and the Department of Agriculture have reached a tentative agreement by which the state will be given about 500,000 acres of land in a compact body in place of its scattered school sections now enbraced within the bounds of national forests.

American forest officers have found that high power telescopes are not always satisfactory in fire looking work. In some localities heat vibrations in the atmosphere are so magnified by the glass that clearer vision can be had with unaided eyes.

A committee of mining men is arranging a mining exhibition in Vancouver for 1915. Exhibits showing the old-time methods compared with the modern methods will be a feature. A large attendance is expected, owing to the crowds coming to the Pacific coast for the Panama exposition.

American grain dealers apparently did not take advantage of the excellent opportunity brought about by the bad harvest in Sicily in 1912 and the difficulty in obtaining prompt shipments from eastern Europe due to the unsettled conditions in the Balkans.

Stock raising is the basic industry of northern Paraguay. The amount of capital invested and the application of modern methods of administration on a large scale are destined to give this part of the republic momentum heretofore lacking in the country's affairs and bring it into definite relations with the outside world.

Countries on the Atlantic coast of South America have great enterprise, progress and immense wealth. The reverse is true of the western countries of that continent except Chile. The great immigration to the Atlantic districts from Europe has been a large factor in this difference.

The year 1912 witnessed the turning of the first sod of the first national enterprise—the trans-Australian railway—which is to link together the east and west coasts of this continent, and will traverse a wholly undeveloped portion of this consular district. The line will have a length of 1,060 miles and will shorten mail communication with London by three days.

The manufacture of cement in the Philippines, whose supply now comes almost entirely from Hong-Kong, will probably be commenced toward the end of 1913. The Rizal Cement Co., the Philippine corporation which has acquired large property and limestone and silica deposits in Binangonan, Rizal province, about 30 miles from Manila, is commencing the erection of its large factory.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

A Thanksgiving Retrospect

By Martha Holden.

Tables in New England before 1650 are called boards, and in most houses they were little else. The dining tables were narrow, about 30 inches wide, and the general custom was to sit on one side of it. There were likewise framed tables, the legs of which were connected by stretchers, or wooden bars near the floor. Before the days of carpets, and especially when stone or earth floors were used, these stretchers and chairs or tables had a real value as footrests above the damp flooring. After they were no longer needed for this purpose they became ornamental, were carved or turned, and serve today as light braces for certain styles of chairs.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century luxury was advancing. The tables no longer consisted of boards on trestles and the forms and benches which used to surround them gave way to a variety of chairs. At first these chairs were brought from England, Holland and France. The earliest kinds were rush bottomed and wood bottomed. With the increase of wealth and taste came a mania for fine furniture and plenty of it.

The inventory of the estate of Colonel John Carter, of Maryland, in 1676 includes 15 Turkey work chairs, 21 old leather chairs, 10 cushions, six Spanish tables, two chests of drawers with silver plate. His neighbor, Capt. Howell, owned 10 joint stools, eight small chairs, 18 leather chairs and one wicker chair.

Some idea of a fashionable house in New York in colonial times may be gathered from the inventory of the effects of Gov. William Burnet, who died in 1729. His house contained 12 tables and 70 chairs, 24 of red leather, two eight-day clocks and a variety of chests, cabinets, and several expensive beds, beside much silver plate and china. The rooms were hung with tapestries and 220 pictures adorned the walls. There were beside, to show the governor's tastes, a chess board, backgammon board, card table, magic lantern, harpsichord and other musical instruments.

A large number of the early New England settlers were well-to-do, and very soon after their arrival we find them occupying comfortable houses filled with furniture from England.

The idea that our early settlers were all sour-faced Puritans, or that those who came left behind them all taste or elegance in the home, or love of fine clothing, is a mistaken one. There was constant fear on the part of the more rigid ones in authority that this would lead to extravagance and dissipation.

Governor Winthrop was one of the careful ones. In 1630 he writes: "A lady woman of the church of Boston, selling some time in London, brought with her a parcel of very fine linen of great value, which she set her heart much upon and had been at charge to have it all newly folded and pressed, and so left in the press in her parlor over night. She had a negro maid who went into the room very late and let fall some of the snuff of the candle upon the linen, so as by morning all the linen was burned to tinder and the lands underneath and a part of the linnen coat burned. But it pleased God to ease the loss of this linen did her much good, both in taking her heart off worldly comforts, and preparing her for a far greater affliction of losing her husband."

Chests were of supreme importance in the earlier days, and were found in every house. They usually contained the family silver. Cypress wood formed the most expensive chests, though oak and cedar were likewise used. The commoner ones were of pine. A drawer inserted in the chest was the first step in the development of the chest of drawers, afterward called the bureau. A further development of the chest was the desk, or "scritoire," made by setting off the tall chest diagonally, and fitting the interior with a series of compartments or pigeon holes for letters.

Clocks were found in most of the prosperous houses during the first half of the seventeenth century.

The tall clock from the low countries was in use in America long before it was in England. It is always described in the inventories as "clock and case." Clocks were often referred to as watches, though watches were in use at that time. Besides, every house had its hour glass, and sun-dials were numerous.

Small looking glasses were quite common and William Bartlett, of Hertford, possessed 10.

The great houses of Salem, Mass., were perhaps the most luxuriously furnished of any in New England. Salem was the home of rich merchants whose vessels brought every kind of foreign goods to her door. Salem possesses many unique and interesting old dwellings.

Those of the colonial period are quaint, and in some cases picturesque. Perhaps the most imposing of the old mansions are those which represent the period of Salem's commercial glory, extending from the close of the Revolution to about 1830. In these palmy days the Salem merchants built the great square, three-story houses, with their artistic doorways, and carved woodwork, which embodied the wealth, culture and enterprise of commercial Salem.

They are not colonial, but American, expressing the largeness and hopefulness of the foremost American seaport of that time.

Charleston, S. C., is another old American town where these splendid big houses abound. The proportions are stately, the pillared porches inviting and the urn-crowned posts that support the iron gates to the garden are still overflowing with blossoms.

When the latch of polished brass is lifted to one of these old hospitable doorways, one steps into an interior pervaded with the quaint grace of other days.

The tall clock in the wide hall, the flowered wallpaper, the placid family portraits; the rich drawing room with its carved mantel, well seasoned mahogany furniture and gilded mirrors; the dining room with its fine old china—all is eloquent of the past.

It is natural, at Thanksgiving time, our great American feast day, to dwell with loving pride on these first fine American homes, where the national festival was celebrated in a most lavish way.

But how much more pride we feel today in the countless simple homesteads of our great country where the poor, as well as the rich, may keep Thanksgiving.

Money Saved by Making Your Cough Syrup at Home

Takes But a Few Moments, and Stops a Hard Cough in a Hurry.

Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of plain syrup. If you make one pint of granulated sugar, add one pint of warm water and stir about 2 minutes, you have as good syrup as money could buy.

Now you will then put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup you will have as much cough medicine as you could buy ready made for $1. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours. It keeps perfectly. You will find it one of the best cough syrups you ever used—even in whooping cough. You can feel it take hold—usually conquers an ordinary cough in 24 hours. As a laxative enough, for a good tonic effect, and the taste is pleasant.

It is a splendid remedy, too, for whooping cough, spasmodic croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and other healing pine elements. No other preparation will work in this formula.

The plan for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup is now used in more homes than any other cough remedy. The plan has often been imitated but never successfully.

Pinex, a guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 242 Main st., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Early Thanksgivings

The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles.

The first national English Thanksgiving was on September 8, 1588, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

There have been but two English Thanksgivings in this century. One was on February 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other, June 21, 1887, for the queen's jubilee.

The first national Thanksgiving proclamations were by congress during the revolutionary war.

The first great American Thanksgiving day was in 1784 for the declaration of peace. There was one more national thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of thanksgiving. Since that time the President has issued an annual proclamation.—Journal of Education.

Our Correspondents

We have a baby boy who will be a year old in November, and certainly "a babe is the real spring of pleasure." My husband is more than a husband to me, he is a lover still. Every day I try to start something new to show him or show him something finished, and all these little things encourage him; he compliments and encourages me and I in turn renew my efforts, and thus we work together. We are always together. And friends of the Peace Page, young and old, newlyweds and oldweds and about-to-be's, there is a simple little secret for this happiness, simple, yet so deep and large that it covers all. If I am invited again, I will surely answer and tell you all the secret.—Girlie from Indiana.

We shall all be glad of the secret. —M. H.

Bridgeton, N. J., is a city of beautiful flowers and the curse of drink has not been felt here as in some other cities. So you can see the reason many have their own homes. I do not wear the white ribbon, but in my heart I am very much in sympathy with those who do. There is a village called Shiloh north or west of here three and a half miles, where the people have been some 75 years working against this awful curse and they can see the result now of their untiring efforts on that line, as there is no licensed place in this city, and has not been for a long time—R. S. B., N. J.

I saw Miss Teresa Lusch's letter in the Peace Page and could not resist the temptation to sit right down and answer it at once. I am a civil war veteran and fought three years to save the union. I lack only five months of 77 years of age. Was born in Towanda, Pa., in 1837. My parents moved to Illinois, I think about 1839, so you see I know very little about the place of my birth. Nothing really only what they told me as I grew up, but I have often wished I could visit the town. —N. Judson, Iowa.

Simon Marshall, Mieca, Va., a shut-in, sends thanks for cards and messages.

Mrs. Genevieve Saffstall, 211 N. Mill st., Mishawaka, Ind., wishes a self-threading needle.

I begun teaching my first school October 13 and like it. I don't think a boy or girl can perform greater work than teaching school.—R. W., W. Va.

THE COZY CORNER

STIRRING UP FARM BOYS

Why do the boys leave the farm? There may be as many reasons as there are boys, but they are all caused by conditions—domestic, social and industrial—which no one thinks of, but which could easily be avoided if it could become a national problem and receive the attention it requires, and no one is better qualified or has more opportunity to go to the bottom of the trouble and help do away with these conditions than the boys themselves.

Ask some of these boys why they left home and they will invariably reply that, they wanted more money.

No amusements or clubs; farming was too monotonous; no progress, no chance for improvement, too much work and no results.

These are all very true in many cases, but it is unnecessary, and the conditions causing these reasons could easily be eradicated if every one would wake up and take notice.

Agriculture is not monotonous when treated as a business. If properly managed it will yield results and give every chance for improvement. No one can manage all the branches of agriculture successfully any more than he can be a "jack of all trades" and succeed in any of them.

Specialize some branch; make it your business, run it by system, never be satisfied until you have attained the highest notch of perfection and your business will be both pleasant and profitable and farming will have ceased to be monotonous. Every one knows that there are more and better amusements in the country than the city. Lack of clubs and improvement is your own fault. Any neighborhood should have a club, and have it for a purpose. Each member should strive to make it a success, if no one else will; start it yourself, have every one join, girls and older people; study anything you prefer; have debates, give entertainments and be sure to make scientific farming a leading topic. The boy likes life and stir about him, give him a chance to do business for himself; let him choose his branch and then start him; let him feel that he can "do things," and I am pretty sure he will remain at home.

Any one can find time for improvement, if he really wishes; he can make his whole life and work one continual effort for betterment, and if he is really ambitious no conditions can hold him back.

The farm offers more advantages for such endeavors than any factory life possibly can.

So, if the boys find the farm a terror and a failure, then its up to the boys to turn it into a pleasure and success.

A Questioner from Michigan, personally, I have always made it a rule to go only in the best of company, or not at all. One had much better have no company or good times than to gain them by immoral conduct or dress. Any one can dress in so-called style and still not be extreme, and any one can have good times and still be nice, in fact, I fail to comprehend how any one could have any pleasure in anything immoral. Another serious problem is the deplorable use of slang among the girls and young ladies; they appear to think that to be popular and up to date they must use all the slang that has ever been used and invent a little extra. There is nothing that gets on my nerves quite so much as to be compelled to listen to a girl whose entire conversation consists of slang expressions. I hope some one will agree with me.

Edith of Arkansas, your views are fine, I admire people who think and do things, who stand for new doctrines and can stand alone if necessary—Raoul Coubert.

CHRISTMAS BIRTHDAY

I am a mother who will be 27 years old Christmas day. I have always felt quite proud of the date of my birthday, as that was our Savior's birth, as that was our Savior's band and two dear children, a little girl past 4 years and a baby boy nearly 5 months old. We live in a fruit country. Fruit was not so plentiful this year and last as it has been other years, but we had plenty to use, so we should be thankful unto God, the Giver of every good and perfect gift. As the subject is before us as to the way some people are dressing these days my plea for them is, "God pity people that haven't any more regard for their character than to dress the way some do." We all know that clothes that are not respectable are not becoming to any one.—Mrs. A. S., Mich.

IN PRAISE OF STEP-FATHERS

I want to write a few lines in regard to stepfathers, in answer to some reader's request of a few weeks ago. I am 45 years old and have had a stepfather ever since I was 8, so I think I ought to know something about them. I believe I had the best stepfather that ever lived. There were three of us children and each one had a different disposition, and he seemed to understand and to know just how to rule each one. I myself had a little temper, and when I would fly off the handle, as the saying goes, in place of using rough means to conquer he would give me one of the nicest, gentlest talks you ever heard and make me feel so sorry and ashamed I would hardly know what to do. He has often said that he could tell very little difference between his own children and his stepchildren, and has shown it to be the truth in many different ways.

I have been thankful many a time for having such a stepfather as this, and for the many good lessons learned from him while growing up. Let us hear from someone else on this subject.—E. H., Ind.

DARK SIDE OF FARM LIFE

The reason why boys leave the farm is very simple. First, they work shorter hours in the city than on the farm. And when Saturday night comes they are through until Monday, they haven't a lot of chores to do. Another reason is that the city is all lit up with a glow of electric lights, making nighttime as light as day. What light have we on the farm, nothing but some lamps. The city has its shows, parks and amusements of all kinds, Y. M. C. A., good churches and schools. What has the country? We haven't parks to spend our evenings in nor motion picture shows to go to. All we see is hard work—everybody works and nobody has any money.

Most all of the homes in the country are without good music, which I think is a necessity in life. The farmer seldom gives his boy a chance to make any extra money. He looks to his boy for what work he can do and pays no attention to his future. And when the lad is 21 he generally kicks him out in the cold world to shift for himself, and the good old farmer moves to town to retire. What chance has the boy then? What becomes of him? Some make good and some don't. The city people are always trying to keep the boys on the farm. Farmer boys have the same right to live in the city as anybody else as long as they pay their board and make good. If the city people want more produce raised in the country why don't they move out. There are lots of farms just wanting to be tilled and the welcome sign hangs over the door.—H. M. M., from the Buckeye State.

MERRY - GO - ROUND

TRY TO:

To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Do all the good you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

THE LITTLE KANAWHA

I live in the little Kanawha valley, 50 miles east of Parkersburg, W. Va. Gasoline boats navigate this stream as far as Grantsville, about 90 miles from its mouth.

Here the drives are grand in prospect and glorious in nature's garb; where some new scene greets the vision at every turn of the road.

We have excellent farming lands here and is noted for its oil and gas. We have no railroad up this valley, and it is 10 miles to the nearest railroad station, called the C. & K. V. Railroad.

We have good mail service every day. I am proud to see so many good letters from the Peace Page the first thing. Would like to correspond with some of the boys and girls from the far east.—F. T. C., W. Va.

A LIVELY LETTER

I'm a gay, romping girl of 17 summers, but it would be very hard to determine whether I am a boy or girl, that is, when I have donned my overalls, a fowling piece slung across my shoulder and I have mounted my steed, ready for a hunt. Oh, I have great times horseback riding and hunting. I'm not especially fond of housework, but help with it just the same. I'm all for outdoor sports.

I live with my parents on a 250-acre farm, and I do quite a bit of farm work. The scenery here is beautiful, but I won't take time to describe it just now. Every one tells a hobby, so here goes mine, horse back riding. I suppose many of the M. G. R.'s are in school now. I for one am not. I graduated from the high school here last spring, which course of study runs as high as the eleventh grade. So I'm not going to school any where this winter, just going to stay at home and have a good time and get ready for college next year. I would like to shake hands with you all especially "Trapper" and "Cutie," also "Cousin Martha." Say, Girl from Pennsylvania, I also have a very mischievous brother who is "Johnny on the spot" when it comes to having a good time. We have great times together such as running races on our motorcycles. How many of the M. G. R.'s have one? Winter will soon be here, my favorite season. Let us have more letters from the western boys and girls. I have always had golden dreams of the west, and I hope they may be realized some future day. I would like nothing better than living on a large ranch and tending to cattle and riding bucking bronchos. How many of you girls ever broke a young colt to the saddle. I did last spring and let me tell you it very nearly got the better of me several times, but I finally mastered it. That was the second one that I ever had any experience with, and they are both as gentle as can be now.—Rough Rider, from Tennessee Hills.

A THANKFUL LETTER

I am very thankful, indeed, for the shower of beautiful post cards, letters and words of sympathy and cheer I have received from the readers of the Peace Page. I have up to this writing received: Post cards, 300; letters, 50. They came from many different states. Oh! you don't know how glad it makes me feel to get so many sweet letters and beautiful cards. Post cards, photo cards, and a great big picture book entitled, "Among the Rockies." Thanks to the lady who sent me the dime. It makes my mama as happy as myself, to learn that so many sympathizing people are taking such an interest in me and writing so encouragingly to me. It is impossible for me to write to all you people who have been so good and kind to me, so I thank you again, every one, for these words of sympathy. I sympathize with all of you who suffer, and with all the shut-ins. I hope that some day I may be able to walk. Thanks to those who may yet write—Nellie Risley.

STAY BY THE FARM

Why do boys leave the farm? One reason will not suffice in answer to this question, as there are boys and boys, farms and farms, and whys and wherefores. Boys get discouraged on the farm—too much work for too little pay. They see the city in their mind's eye as being a place of few hours' work and more money. Is this true? Boys, where are your days off in town? Count the days in the country—rainy days, Saturday afternoons and lots of days in the winter, when there is little work to do, and then see who has to put in the most hours—the country or city boy. Also count the cost of living in town and see where the most money will be cleared. Some boys may think life in the city more honorable, as there has for years and years been a tendency for city folks to feel a little above the country people, as will generally be admitted. Why and where this idea came from I cannot tell. But we will admit it a mistaken idea, I think, as there is good in both places, and if you wish it, you can find plenty of bad in each place. One should feel no better than the other, as it would be a deal of trouble for one to get along without the other. But I hardly think very many of our country boys leave the country just for honor's sake. Some boys have no talent or love for the farm. These should not try to stay on the farm. Some, perhaps, think there are more pleasures in the city than in the country. I would advise the boys to be in no hurry to leave the farm, as you are likely to find city life no happier, no more independent, no better place to get rich, and no better socially than in our own pleasant country homes. For where one gains honor and riches in town, dozens fail. It is easy to paint grand pictures of a rich and independent life in the city in our minds, but it is altogether different when that picture is to be put to practice. So be careful, boys. You can get lots to eat in the country, and lots of times you won't even have that in town. I never yet saw a healthy boy that didn't like to eat.

One last and, I hope, lasting remark is this: Shame on the dresses our women—not ladies—are wearing. Opinions are formed now by the dress one wears to a great extent, and horrors! what sights we see sometimes. It is a disgrace to our own sex, girls, and we should try to holds our heads above it. I wish to say to "A Questioner of Michigan" that the friends you gain by immoral dress or actions are not worthy to be called friends—really they are bitter enemies instead of friends. Be your own true, decent, womanly self and you will have their good opinion, even if they don't admit it. I have always felt that woman was a lover of beauty, but I fail to see where they find it in the prevailing styles.—Kitye Kern, Heltonville, Ind.

SENSIBLE DRESS

I live in the hills of West Virginia. I have six brothers, all older than I, have no sister. I think the same as Miss J. of Pennsylvania about the X-ray and slit skirts. I don't think a real nice girl will wear a slit skirt. If they are going to wear men's breeches, just borrow a pair and be done with it. Some women say they don't dress to suit the men. I think they should dress so the men won't be talking and making light of them all the time—Ada T. of West Virginia.

BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR MOTTO:

All that we do
We do with our might.
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

From Gladys Warren.

I want to thank you all for the cards and letters I received. I am trying to answer them all, so if you don't hear from me for a while do not think I am not going to answer. I am going to school and you that go to school know how it keeps one busy. Uncle Billy must not expect an answer to his card because he did not give any address.—Gladys Warren, Pompeii, Mich.

A Stray Pigeon.

We have a pigeon that came to us last spring. She is dark, almost black, and has a band on her leg, on the band are these initials, "C. B., 14287." We have often wondered where the pigeon came from. If any one knows will they please write to me. If the owner wants the pigeon let me know.—Dee Wilcox, Wick, W. Va.

From North Carolina.

I love the dear old Blade better than any other paper I ever read. I live near Pigeon river and the T. & N. C. railroad. I am 14 years old. My birthday is the 18th of November. I go to the country school and am in the sixth grade. I have two pet rabbits. They eat from my hand. One of them is black and the other white. I am the only girl in the family. I have three brothers. We have lots of chestnuts, apples and other fruit here in the hills of North Carolina. When I go to the postoffice and get the Blade you can guess where I go to first. That is the Peace Page. I ponder over it till I read all its interesting letters, poems and other pieces. I will exchange cards with any of the Blade boys and girls.—M. B. Long, Canton, N. C.

The Green Hills.

I live in the southern part of West Virginia among the beautiful green hills. This is a beautiful country. I will try to describe some of the principal features. The soil of southern West Virginia is good. Most all kinds of grain is raised here, also very fine fruit. The summers are very hot and equally as cold in winter. Southern West Virginia is noted for its beautiful scenery. S. C. N., Newfield, N. Y., I received your card and I am also a nature lover. I love to roam through the green hills and no where on the face of the broad earth can be found a lovelier spot than this part of West Virginia. Every state has its share of nature, but West Virginia beats them all. I agree with the poet in these lines:

"I love to sing of my West Virginia home
Her summers and winters so gay
Her mountain tops and the meadows all in bloom,
While the birds make music all the day."

I wish to thank the many friends of the Peace Page who so kindly sent me post cards. I have received so many that I have not answered them all yet. But all those who have sent me cards and have not received an answer will hear from me by and by.—Russell Leach, Allison, W. Va.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Ina Morris, Galatia, Ills., has books and music for hobbies.

Addie Rice, Eldred, Pa., lives in a small town on the Alleghany river. Her pets, which she shares with three sisters are a horse, a dog and a kitten.

Sarah Foley, Tilem, Va., says her home is surrounded by mountains covered with evergreens.

Constance Newcomb, Jefferson Ohio is unusually fond of animals and of school.

Leonard Casto, Staat's Mills, W. Va., has among his pets, two pigs named Clair and Mary. He also has an opossum.

Pearl Staley, Hale, Mich., intends to be a school teacher.

Harld L. Monroe, Ft. Jackson, N. Y., enjoys the Peace Page very much. He was never in the city but loves the country and enjoys working on the farm.

Solomon Fry, Bloomington, Ind., lives on a farm and has a fine hobby, that of reading good books.

Mildren Crun, Honeoye, Pa., lives with her grandparents and takes music lessons. She is nine years old.

Golda Brown, Versailles, Ind., thinks The Blade is a good paper, "especially the Peace Page."

Augusta Theiring, Stendhal, Ind., is an eight-year-old girl who has a birthday on New Year's Day.

HOUSEHOLD

MOTTO.

"The Beauty of the House
Is Order;
The Blessing of the House
Is Content:
The Glory of the House
Is Hospitality:
The Crown of the House
Is Godliness."

About Milk.

This is what Dr. Bliss, the young health officer, told the women of Friendship Village:

I. That 316,000 babies under five years old die every year in the United States.

II. That one-half of these deaths, or 158,000 of them, could be prevented.

III. That a large proportion of the preventable deaths are caused by dirty or diseased milk or milk containing preservatives.

IV. That dirty milk comes from dirt in the stalls, dirt on the cows, dirt on the milkers' hands, dirt in the milk pails and cans, dirt in the refrigerators, until some times 15 drops of milk will contain many millions of bacteria.

V. That diseased milk comes from typhoid germs in the water where the cows wade, diphtheritic and scarlet fever germs on the coats and hands of the milkers, and tuberculosis in the ducts of the cow, all of which diseases, as well as measles, have often been traced directly to the milk supply by a federal investigation.

VI. That formaldehyde, boracic acid, sodium sulphite and benzoic acid are to be found in the preservatives used by milkmen to keep the milk from souring.—McCall's Magazine.

Buttermilk Great Food.

The health value of buttermilk, which has been put on the list of light refreshments at the house of commons at the request of two members, was described by a London physician who is an authority on diet.

"Buttermilk is a beverage which deserves every encouragement, especially as a hot weather drink. Most of the fatty elements are removed in the process of making butter, but a number of other valuable nutritive qualities are left. These become even more valuable when the buttermilk is taken with other foods. Thus buttermilk contains a certain amount of casein which will enable one to make a most satisfying meal off a glass of buttermilk plus a very small amount of meat and potatoes.

"It also has an excess of lactic bacteria, the foes of nearly all the harmful germs in our digestive systems, which give it a slightly laxative property. It has a decided acid flavor which makes it a thirst-quencher. As the fats have been extracted during the butter-making process, it has practically no body-heating properties. The casein is valuable because it supplies the repair elements needed to repair the wear and tear of muscular tissue."—London Mail.

OUR COOK BOOK

Peanut Butter—Shell and rub the pits in a cloth to take the hulls off. Then put them twice through a meat grinder. If you have none, chop and then mash them with a potato masher. Salt to taste and moisten with olive oil or fresh butter. If to be kept long pack the peanut butter in small jars and run melter paraffin over the top.

Tomato Butter—To every seven pounds of firm, ripe tomatoes, pared and sliced, add three pounds of sugar, a scant pint of vinegar, an ounce of powdered cinnamon and half an ounce of whole cloves. Boil for three hours. Will keep unsealed, although it is nicer to have them in small jars.

Tomato Soup—Stew a quart of tomatoes for half an hour with salt, pepper and a little sugar; strain through a fine colander back into the saucepan and heat to boiling. Scald a quart of milk with a tiny pinch of baking soda in it. Thicken with a tablespoonful each of butter and cornstarch rubbed together. Pour it into the tomatoes, stirring them all the while; bring them just to a boil and serve. Excellent if made carefully and not curdled.

Green Tomato Pickles—To one peck of tomatoes, slice a pint of onions, and put them in layers with a small teacupful of salt. Let them lie over night; next morning drain and put them in a kettle with vinegar to cover, and two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, the same of ground cloves, allspice and mustard seed, one ounce of celery seed and a pound of brown sugar. Boil them one hour. Will keep fine without sealing up.

Curried Rice—One cupful of chicken stock (broth, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of curry powder. The amount of rice required must be governed by the number of people to be served. Rub smooth the butter and flour in a little of the stock. Bring the stock to the boiling point, add the flour paste and cook, stirring constantly, until the gravy thickens. Add the curry powder, stir again. If to be served with chicken, arrange the chicken in a mound in the center of the platter, surround it by the hot boiled rice, either pour the gravy over all or serve in a separate bowl. This will be found delicious. Every housewife should number among her pantry stores, not only the usual spices, but a bottle of celery salt, curry powder and parika. With the aid of these condiments new dishes may be concocted, thus varying the bill of fare.

Rice With Cheese—Boil one cupful of rice in boiling salted water for half an hour. Do not stir while boiling but shake the pan occasionally. When it is done, drain well, and put in a buttered baking dish, mixed with one cupful of grated American cheese (arrange in layers); if cheese is fresh, add a little salt. Pour over the mixture a cupful of sweet milk and dot the top with bits of butter. Bake in a quick oven and serve in the baking dish.

POET'S CORNER

THANKSGIVING DAY

Assembly Herald.

"Today let selfishness depart
And vain ambitions be suppressed;
And learn of Him life's highest art;
In blessing others we are blessed!
Today from trustful hearts we blend
With incense of sincere Thanksgiving
Our ardent prayers that He may send
A grander day of true Thanksgiving."

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Felicia Hemans.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came!
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
Or the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Aye! call it holy ground
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

OUR BEES.

Immanuel Messenger.

"Keep a guard on your lips, my darling,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey,
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the cheering sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger
Like an open two-edged knife."

JAPANESE LULLABY

By Eugene Field.

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,
Little blue pigeon, with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother bird swinging,
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling,
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,
Little golden moonbeam with misty wings,
All silently creeping, it asks "Is he sleeping?
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats a sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning,
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, fold your wings,
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing? see, I am swinging,
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

By Thomas Campbell.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thusands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Me thought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us! Rest: thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

THE HARBOR

By W. M. Letts.

I think if I lay dying in some land
Where Ireland is no more than just a name,
My soul would travel back to find that strand
From whence it came.

I'd see the harbour in the evening light,
The old men staring at some distant ship,
The fishing boats they fasten left and right
Beside the slip.

The sea-wrack lying on the wind-swept shore,
The grey thorn bushes growing in the sand;
Our Wexford coast from Arklow to Cahore—
My native land.

The little houses climbing up the hill
Sea daisies growing in the sandy grass,
The tethered goats that wait large-eyed and still
To watch you pass.

The women at the well with dripping pails,
Their men clloguing by the harbour wall,
The coils of rope, the nets, the old brown sails,
I'd know them all.

And then the Angelus—I'd surely see
The swaying bell against a golden sky,
So God, who kept the love of home in me,
Would let me die.

THANKSGIVING

By Mary Baldwin.

Our God, we come to thee today
To thank thee for thy hidden way.
For hurt obscure, for vision blind,
For problem dazing soul and mind,
For obstacles before our feet,
For weariness, fatigue, defeat—
These are thy tools, divinely sent.
Oh, Thou, all-wise, omnipotent,
Through these we guess the silent call,
We read they writing on the wall;
Thou sendest night of black despair,
But, lo! thy living stars are there
Grant us all life; its breadth, its length,
And sanctuary in thy strength.

HER THANKSGIVING

By Minna Irving in Christian Advocate.

Oh, have you got the turkey picked,
And is the fowl not
And ready for the pumpkin pies?
I'll have to bake a lot.
And currant cakes and ginger snaps,
Of each a heaping tray.
Our boys and girls are coming home
To spend Thanksgiving Day.

I'll make some sugar cookies, too,
They used to like them so
When they were little toddling things,
It seems so long ago!
And apple tarts for daughter Jane
With eyes of tender gray;
She's bringing both her babies home
To spend Thanksgiving Day.

I rose before the peep of dawn,
I had so much to do.
But never have I felt so spry,
Though I am sixty-two.
To cook and bake and boil and brew
Seems only just like play,
With all the dear ones coming home
To spend Thanksgiving Day.

I thank the Lord who gives to us
The sunshine and the rain,
That here in one unbroken band
I see them once again—
Our children and their children, too,
All hastening to obey
The voice of love that calls them home
To spend Thanksgiving Day.

WHERE THE SWEET MAGNOLIAS BLOOM

I am thinking of my mother, I am longing
For the day when we shall meet to part no more,
I can picture in my mind the tender greeting,
And the kiss outside the old log-cabin door.
Though the days are dark and dreary, mother darling,
And the nights are filled with sorrow and with gloom,
How my heart will beat with gladness when I meet you,
In the valley where the sweet magnolias bloom.

Chorus:
Now the sunbeams kiss the hilltops, and the birds sing just as gay,
But my heart is sad and lonely, for my thoughts are far away;
And I long to be with mother in that old log-cabin room,
'Way down south in dear old Georgia where the sweet magnolias bloom.

Many weary years have passed since last we parted,
And I said I'd write a letter home each day;
Mother mine, you know how well I've kept my promise,
For your boy did not forget, tho' far away.
In my dreaming I can see you, mother, darling,
By the doorway in the twilight's gath'ring gloom,
With your arms outstretched to welcome home the lost one
To the valley where the sweet magnolias bloom.

ONLY ONE MOTHER

You have only one mother my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache
Till ready to break;
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will
Stick to you through good and through ill,
And love you although
The world is your foe;
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay;
Who for you won't spare
Self-sacrifice rare;
So honor the mother alway.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake;
Who toils day and night
For you with delight;
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss
When she has departed from this;
So love and revere
That mother while here;
Sometime you won't know her dear kiss.

You have only one mother—just now;
Remember that always, my son.
None can or will do
What she has for you;
What have you for her ever done?

THREE WOMEN TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Streator, Ill.—"I shall always praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound wherever I go. It has done me so much good at Change of Life, and it has also helped my daughter. It is one of the grandest medicines for women that can be bought. I shall try to induce others to try it."—Mrs. J. H. CAMPBELL, 206 N. Second St., W. S., Streator, Illinois.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"It was at the 'Change of Life' that I turned to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, using it as a tonic to build up my system, with beneficial results."—Mrs. SARA HAYWARD, 1825 W. Venango St., (Tioga) Phila., Pa.

San Francisco, Cal.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for many years whenever I would feel bad. I have gone through the Change of Life without any troubles and thank the Compound for it. I recommend it to young girls and to women of all ages."—Mrs. C. BARRIE, 3052 25th St., San Francisco, Cal.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalelled.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

DIVORCE IN OKLAHOMA

Please give the causes of divorce in Oklahoma and Colorado.—V. O. S., Glen Campbell, Pa.

Residence required before one may obtain a divorce is one year in both Oklahoma and Colorado. The causes in Oklahoma are: Abandonment one year; cruelty, fraud, habitual drunkenness, felony, neglect of duty, physical incapacity, former existing marriage, pregnancy of wife by other than husband at marriage, and adultery, which is a cause for divorce in all states.

The causes for divorce in Colorado are: Desertion one year, physical incapacity, cruelty, failure to provide one year, habitual drunkenness one year, felony, former marriage existing.

FACTS ABOUT THE U. S.

In answer to Z. G., Pennsylvania:

The population of the United States is about 95,410,503, subject to revision; total votes cast in the 1912 elections is 15,034,800; wealth, $130,000,000; principal of the public debt, $2,906,548.66; money in circulation, $3,248,182,715; bank deposits, $4,212,583,599, in 1911 in savings banks.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURE

Will you please describe the process of manufacturing plate glass?—J. L. H., East Liverpool, Ohio.

The building for the manufacture of plate glass is usually of very large size. In the center is the square melting furnace, with openings on two parallel sides for working purposes, while along two sides of the building are arranged annealing ovens, which are sometimes 20 x 30 feet in order to receive the immense plates that are to be annealed. Two kinds of pots are used; the ordinary one opens at the top for melting the glass, and cisterns or cuvettes in which the molten glass is carried to the casting tables. In France the cuvette is usually of a quadrangular form, with a groove in each of its sides or as in the case of larger cisterns, in two parallel sides, in which the tongs or iron frames are fitted when the cuvette is moved. Between each two parts in the furnace are placed, according to their size, one or more cuvettes. In some establishments the cuvette is not now used, the metal being poured from the pot in which it is melted on to the casting table. Sixteen hours is usually allowed for the melting, and the same time for the metal to remain in the cuvette; but the latter term is often extended in order that the aeiform bubbles may escape and the excess of soda become volatilized. Toward the last the temperature is allowed to fall, and the glass then acquires the slight degree of viscidity suitable for casting. The molten glass is transferred from the pots into the adjacent cuvettes by means of wrought iron ladles. When the glass is in a proper condition to be cast, the "Tongs Carriage," consisting of two powerful bars of iron united like two scissors blades, and resting upon two wheels, is pushed into the opening made in the furnace, and the cuvette is clamped in the quadrant formed at the extremity of the tongs, two workmen manipulating the handles at the other extremity. The cistern thus taken from the furnace, while filled with molten glass, is placed on another carriage and quickly conveyed to the casting table. This consists of a massive slab, usually of cast iron, supported by a frame, and generally placed at the mouth of the annealing oven. On each side of the table are ribs or bars of metal, which keep the glass within proper limits, and by their height determine the thickness of the plate. A copper or bronze cylinder about a foot in diameter, resting upon these bars, extends across the table. After being heated by hot coals placed upon it, the table is carefully cleaned preparatory to casting. The cistern containing the melted glass is raised from the carriage on which it was brought from the furnace by means of a crane, its outside carefully cleaned, and the glass skimmed with a copper sabre. The cuvette is now swung round over the table, over which a roller covered with cloth is drawn to remove all impurities, and the molten glass poured out in front of the cylinder, which being rolled from one extremity of the table to the other, spreads out the glass in a sheet of uniform breadth and thickness. While the plate is still red hot, about two inches of its end is turned up like a flange, against which an iron snake-like instrument is placed, and the plate is thrust forward into the annealing oven, the temperature of which is that of dull redness. Another plate is now immediately cast upon the hot table, and the annealing oven when filled is closed and left for about five days to cool. The process for smoothing the glass, is rubbing the surface to be smoothed with another surface either of glass or iron, and at the same time applying sand or emery of different degrees of fineness and water between the two impinging surfaces.

In the making of the best glass the best materials obtainable are used; American sand, oxide of lead from Spain, carbonate of potash from Germany, nitrate of potash from Chili, arsenic from Spain and maganese from Nova Scotia.

A census bulletin of November 9, 1911, reported the number of establishments manufacturing glass in 1909 as 63; the capital employed, $19,288,000; salaries and wages, $44,293,000, and value of products, $59,976,000. Some of the principal classes of products of the year 1909 were: Plate glass, 60,105,694 square feet; window glass, 6,921,611 50-foot boxes; tumblers and goblets, 11,687,036 dozen; globes and other electrical goods, 11,738,798 dozen; blown tumblers, stem ware and bar goods, 9,182,000 dozen; bottles and jars, 12,306,310 gross.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN

I would like to have a short biography of George F. Train published in the Question Bureau.—E. A. B., Belington, W. Va.

George Francis Train, the American financier and author, was born in Boston, March 24, 1829, and died in New York, January 18, 1904. In 1850 he went to Liverpool where he took charge of a branch of an American firm, and three years later he was admitted to partnership. In 1853 he assumed supervision of another branch which had just been established in Melbourne, Australia, and stayed there three years, during which time he founded a sailing ship service between Boston and Australia. In 1858, Train interested English capital in the construction of the Atlantic & Great Western Railway, and afterwards undertook street railway in England and other European countries, but because of opposition his plans were frustrated. His next railroad enterprise was the building of the Union Pacific Railway, ground for which was broken in 1863, and the connection between the eastern and western extremities completed in 1869. Train made a tour of the world in 80 days, arriving in Marseilles, France, in 1870, where he organized the Commune, and for which he was arrested and imprisoned for 13 days at Lyons. In 1872 he was an independent candidate for president of the United States. Train was a man of eccentric habits and extravagant speech, and in 1872 was arrested on the charge of having published obscene literature. The passages objected to were wholly quotations from the Bible, and he was discharged from custody after being adjudged insane by legal decision. He spent his later years in New York, where he adopted the habit of speaking only to children. He called himself "Citizen of the World," and while his title to property valued at $30,000,000 at Omaha, Neb., remained in litigation he affected a simple style of living, and spent his last years at a cheap hotel where he died.

TEMPERING STEEL

Kindly tell how to temper steel.—L. A. K., Albion, Pa.

First heat the steel to be tempered in a charcoal fire until it becomes cherry red. Then harden it by plunging in oil. To complete the tempering blaze off the oil three times.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

Kindly give a description of the city of Saint Augustine.—L. W. C., Elsie, Mich.

Saint Augustine is situated in Saint Johns county, Florida, on the Atlantic coast, about 38 miles from the mouth of the St. Johns river. It is on a peninsula formed by the Saint Sebastian river on the south and west and the Matanzas on the east. The city has many evidences of its ancient fortifications. The residence of the old Spanish governors is now a custom house and post office.

Saint Augustine was settled September 8, 1565, by Spaniards under Pedro Menendez de Aviles; but the place had been visited as early as 1512 by Ponce de Leon. For two centuries it remained under Spanish rule although in 1586 it was plundered by Drake. It became a British possession in 1763 and remained so until 1783. During the Revolution it was an important military depot. It became again a Spanish possession in 1783, and in 1821 it was ceded to the United States.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy

Trial Package Mailed Free to Any Sufferer.

If you have catarrh of the head, nose, throat; if catarrh has affected your hearing; if you sneeze, hawk or spit; if you take one cold after another; if your head feels stopped-up; you should try this Remedy discovered by Dr. Blosser, who has made a specialty of treating catarrh for over thirty-nine years.

This Remedy is composed of herbs, flowers and seeds possessing healing medicinal properties; contains no tobacco, is not injurious or habit-forming; is pleasant to use and perfectly harmless to man, woman or child.

Catarrhal germs are carried into the head, nose and throat with the air you breathe—just so the warm medicated smoke-vapor is carried with the breath, applying the medicine directly to the diseased parts. If you have tried the usual methods, such as sprays, douches, salves, inhalers and the stomach-ruining "constitutional" medicines, you will readily see the superiority of this Smoking Remedy.

Simply send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada, and he will send you a free package containing samples of the Remedy for smoking in a pipe and made into cigarettes, together with an illustrated booklet which goes thoroughly into the subject of catarrh. He will send by mail, for one dollar, enough of the medicine to last about one month.

Some of the buildings of the old Spanish regime are still in existence. The houses were then chiefly built of coquina, a formation found on Anastasia island, a concrete made of broken shells cemented with shell lime. The sea wall the city walls and the fort were made of the same material. Fort Marion is a fine specimen of the knowledge of military engineering of that age. It is said to have been built by Mexican convicts and Indian prisoners and to have been in the process of erection for 10 years. The shaft of marble in the plaze was erected in 1812 to commemorate the adoption of a Spanish constitution which was more liberal than the one under which the city had been governed. The inhabitants were ordered to destroy the shaft when the project failed, but the authorities only removed the tablets which have since been replaced.

A Roman Catholic Church begun in 1793 and used later as a cathedral was burned in 1887; but the facade remained almost uninjured. In rebuilding this front wall was incorporated in the new structure and the bell bearing the date of 1682 was also preserved. The only part of the old wall which now remains is the city gateway with about 30 feet of the wall on each side. The wall extended south along the Saint Sebastian river and from the river to the castle of San Marco (Fort Marion) where were a wall and a moat. The old city extended nearly a mile from the castle of San Marco to the Franciscan Convent, now St. Francis barracks, and the old sea wall, built to protect the city from the sea was also limited by the castle and the convent. The government rebuilt the sea wall in 1837 and there is now a granite coping three feet in width. For many years until 1817 the entrance to the city from the mainland was by means of a drawbridge.

There are a number of manufacturing industries located in the city. The Florida East Coast railroad shops are located here, there is also a printing plant, lumber and wood works and oyster canning establishments. The city is a famous winter resort, about 25,000 persons visiting it annually. The government is vested in a mayor and council of ten members, five of whom are elected annually. The population in 1910 was 5,494.

GENERAL JOHN MORGAN

Please give an account of the life of General John Morgan, the confederate.—J. B. W., Lancaster, Ohio.

John Morgan, the confederate general, was born in Huntsville, Alabama, June 1, 1826, and died in Greenville, Tenn., September 4, 1864. He was first lieutenant of cavalry in the Mexican war, and afterwards a manufacturer in Lexington, Ky. In the civil war he became a major general in 1862, and the next winter commanded a cavalry force under Bragg, which harassed Rosecrans' communications. Leaving the regular service, he organized a guerrilla band which inflicted enormous damage in Kentucky.

In December, 1863, Longstreet, who had been conducting an active campaign in Tennessee, returned into Virginia, leaving Col. John H. Morgan to carry on the struggle in East Tennessee. December 29 there was a fight between Gen. Sturgis and Morgan—the latter having an army of about 6,000—near New Market, in which Morgan was defeated. In another fight January 16, 1864, Morgan made the attack and Sturgis was driven back to Strawberry Plains. Morgan lingered in East Tennessee until May, and late in that month, with a small band of men, he went over the mountains and raided through eastern Kentucky, plundering the wealthy districts as he went through. He captured several small towns, dashed into Lexington, burning the railway station and other property there, and hurried on to Frankfort. But Gen. Burbridge was in pursuit, and came up with Morgan's men near Cynthiana, and in the fight which followed Morgan lost 200 in killed and wounded, 400 prisoners and 1,000 horses captured. Morgan now retreated into East Tennessee. In September he had his force at Greenville, and Morgan himself and his staff were at the house of a Mrs. Williams. Gen. Gillem, with troops, surrounded the house, and Morgan was killed while trying to escape. His body was sent through the lines by a flag of truce, and was buried with imposing ceremonies, at Abingdon, Va.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. R., Holton, Ind.—We can give no biography of Peter Clark Macfarlane, the author.

Tailless Cats of Mount Athos.

London Chronicle.

Monastaries and convents seem naturally to befriend cats. When Sir Henry Layard was at Mount Athos in 1845 he noticed the number of "huge, fat, overfed cats" kept by the monks. One peculiarity struck him. The cats were almost as tailless as if they were Manx, but evidently by artificial means. "On asking for an explanation of it, I was informed by the monks that as their meals were served to them on trays placed, Turkish fashion, on low stools, round which squatted those who ate, the cats, who were constant guests at dinner and breakfast, were in the habit of sweeping off the viands and the wineglasses with their tails, which were consequently docked."

Anthracite Value

Figures just compiled by the department of the interior show that the production of anthracite in Pennsylvania in 1912 was 75,310,000 tons, valued at the mines at $177,767,054, an average price of $2.36 a ton. This is a smaller production than in 1911 by 5,461,439 tons, but the value is greater by $2,814,619. The smaller production last year was due entirely to the suspension of mining operations during April and a part of May. Except for this the year's output would probably have been a record breaker. The shortage created by the suspension is estimated by Edward W. Parker, coal statistician, employed by the federal government, at about 10,000,500 tons. The new agreement reached with the miners provided for an advance of 10 per cent on all wages over and above those established by the original strike commission, and for the abolition of the sliding scale. To meet this advance and other expenses the operators advanced the prices of prepared sizes of coal 25 cents a ton, with the exception of chestnut coal, which had been advanced the previous year.

The average price at the mines for anthracite last year was $2.36 a long ton, compared with $2.17 in 1911, $2.12 in 1910, $2.06 in 1909 and $2.13 in 1908. The previous highest average price for anthracite in recent years was in 1903, when it was $2.28 a long ton.

An interesting feature of the investigation of the anthracite coal production is that there is at the present time a market for almost any grade of coal that will burn. No more coal goes to the culm piles except for temporary storage and subsequent recovery from the washeries. The old culm banks themselves are contributing their share to the total production, and these unsightly monuments to former waste are rapidly disappearing. Even the waste from the culm bank washeries is being made to serve a useful purpose by flushing the mines, partly filling old workings where it cements together and furnishes support to the roof while the coal previously left for pillars is removed. This utilization of the waste prevents, too, the injury to farm lands in the valleys, a serious cause of complaint among the farmers when, as in earlier days, the waste from the washeries was spread over their lands in flood seasons. The recovery from the culm banks and the output of small sizes from freshly-mined coal constitutes about 40 per cent of the total quantity of anthracite sent to the market.

The figures presented by Mr. Parker indicate that the average value a ton for all sizes of anthracite in 1912 was $2.36, or 29 cents above the mining cost, after the agreement for 10 per cent increase in wages went into effect, while the average value a ton in 1911 was 23 cents above the mining cost.

Raw Fooders

THE agricultural department of the national government has to do with many cranks, not the least obnoxious among these being the "raw fooders." One of these, cited as an example, forces upon public attention his "investigations" with rabbits, some of which, fed on cooked food exclusively, did not thrive. Whereupon he offered the conclusion that human beings—who are not by any means rabbits—should confine themselves to raw food. The New York Medical Record, which calls raw food faddism most illogical, inconsistent and dangerous to health, says:

"Not only is the fact ignored that civilized man for ages has cooked the greater part of his food and that his palate and his digestion will accept only a few raw things, but the danger in raw foods of infection with pathogenic microorganisms and infestation with intestinal parasites is never mentioned, probably because unknown to these faddists. Another assertion made by them—for, of course, like most diet cranks, they abhor meat eating, corpse eating as they call it—is that meat is filled with bacteria. But it is tiresome to catalogue the absurdities of these diet cranks who pick up a few isolated facts or bizarre notions and attempt to base on them a system of living adapted to all sorts and conditions of men. The agricultural department does well to warn the people against all these fantastic diet systems."

Queer Bits of History.

"There are two ways of regarding music," says a writer. "You may regard it as an entertainment, in which case you will applaud, or you may regard it as a sacrament—and be silent. The latter was the way of Sir Thomas Browne. 'Even that vulgar and tavern music,' he wrote, 'which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the First Composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers; it is an heiroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God; such a melody to the ear, as the whole world well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of the harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God.'"

Charles V., emperor of Spain, was a great eater. At 5 o'clock he breakfasted on a fowl steeped in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. Then he slumbered again. His next meal was at noon, when he dined, partaking of 20 dishes. Two suppers came later, one after vespers (what might be called high tea), and the other at midnight or 1 o'clock, the most substantial meal of the four. After meat he disposed of great quantities of pastry and sweetmeats, and the whole was washed down with copious drafts of beer and wine. It took 40 years of such feeding to make, not his appetite, but his taste fail; he then began to find all food insipid.

That 13 was a lucky number for the Americans in the war of the Revolution when 13 colonies revolted and formed the United States, was recognized by a London newspaper of 1776. It asserted that the rebels considered the number lucky and attributed to a party of returned naval prisoners the mocking statement that, "13 dried clams were a rebel's daily ration; that Washington had 13 toes and 13 teeth in each jaw; that the regular rebel family comprised 13 children, each expecting to become a general at the age of 13, and that 13 American paper dollars were worth one penny sterling!"

Transmigration.

Dear, fragrant ashes heaping 'neath my hand,
Can you forget that you have been a rose?
God's impress rested on you; He had planned
The beauty it was yours to disclose;
What once the Great Seal touches—does it hold
That touch for aye, as richness to infold?

Beloved, I am wondering if a cell
Could tarry with your spirit, year by year,
And love it not, or loving, miss the spell
Of that it loved, adrift in any sphere;
The "choir invisible" we join may reach
Yet finer harmonies than we dare teach.

One flat of the universe is change;
Might not a grateful spirit recompense
The dust it scatters free to rearrange
With heightened impetus toward sentience?
Conceive an atom climbing unto soul;
Hath not our God breathed life into the whole?

O Comrade! All things seem more precious now,
Since you have wrapped you in the Vast Unknown;
Perhaps we are but softly learning how
The transmigration of the soul has grown
To mean an influence radiating far,
Yet thralling not its freed initial star.

—Mary Stebbins Savage.

TASMANIA HAS NIAGARA

Great Water Power Will Be Used to Make Electricity.

London Globe.

A big hydro-electric engineering scheme now being constructed in the middle of Tasmania will revolutionize the industrial life of that island. The area of Tasmania is a little over 26,000 square miles, and its present population is 191,000. Situated in the middle of the island at an altitude of 3,400 feet is the Great Lake, a storage reservoir provided by nature herself.

The area of this sheet of water is 41 of Tasmania's square miles. The outlet of this lake is the River Shannon. At this outlet a new company, which has recently been formed, is constructing a weir to regulate the flow. The water will then be diverted from the Shannon into a lagoon, from which steel pipes will be laid so as to create an effective fall of water for over 1,000 feet vertical.

Nature's disposition in this region allows of the mechanical connivance of engineers in this manner both simply and cheaply. It is calculated that in the power house to be erected at the foot of this fall electricity can be generated all the year around, sufficient to work the developing industries of the whole island.

Hobart (the capital) in the south, and Launceston in the north will be supplied from it, and there will be ample power to work the important mineral fields of the west coast as well—the copper mines of Mount Lyell, the tin mines of Bischoff and the silver mines of Zeehan.

In 1912 British Columbia admitted 56,817 new settlers.

Greatest Nerve Vitalizer Known

A Recent Discovery, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers, the Most Effective Nerve Strengthener Ever Found by Science. Make You Strong, Happy and Vigorous Again.

50-CENT BOX FREE TO MEN AND WOMEN

This is the world's newest, safest, most reliable, and effective nerve invigorator, revitalizer, brain awakener, body strengthener, without equal in the world's history of medicine. It brings about a change from that awful, dull, weak, lazy don't-give-a-hang feeling to brightness, strength, clear-headedness and courage which is remarkable. Its results are better than you would obtain from a two-weeks' vacation on a farm.

This change comes rapidly. The results are lasting. It is absolutely safe, containing no injurious ingredients whatever. **Absolutely different from anything that has ever before been used for nerves.**

Every man and woman suffering with fagged, weak nerves, nervous prostration, excessive nervousness, brain fag, insomnia, neuralgia, low vitality, general weariness, loss of strength and weight, or any condition which arises from poor, weak nerves, may now get "nerves of steel," clear head, courage, power, quick wit, energy, by taking this great discovery, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

No more need of dieting, diversion, travel, tiresome exercises, dangerous drugs, electricity, massage, or anything else—Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers do the work for each and all, give you nerve force and make you love to live.

FREE—A 50c trial box of this great discovery will prove that they do the work. They are guaranteed—every wafer. Send your name and address today for the free 50c trial box of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers, to F. J. Kellogg Co., 2229 Hoffmaster Block, Battle Creek, Michigan, in the city of peace, happiness and health.

FREE 50c BOX COUPON

F. J. KELLOGG CO.,
2229 Hoffmaster Block,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Send me by return mail, free of charge, a 50c trial box of the wonderful discovery for nerves, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers. I enclose 6 cents in stamps to help pay postage and packing.

Name.....
Street)
)
R.F.D.)
City..... State.....

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, November 17.

SENATE — Winston Churchill's "naval holiday" plan was indorsed in a resolution introduced by Senator Thomas, of Colorado. The banking and currency committee continued work on the administration currency bill. Serious talk of an adjournment of Congress next Saturday was heard at both ends of the Capitol. Gen. William Crozier was reappointed chief of ordnance and confirmed.

Adjournment until Thursday at noon.

HOUSE—The House was in session for 10 minutes, and adjourned without transacting any business until Thursday at noon. Progressive Leader Murdock introduced three bills, in which are outlined the Progressive antitrust program. Representative Reilly introduced a resolution directing an investigation of the United Cigar Stores Company by the judiciary committee. Representative Smith (New York) introduced a bill proposing an international celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the treaty of Ghent.

Tuesday, November 18.

SENATE—Not in session. Democratic steering committee conferred on currency caucus and adjournment, but reached no conclusion. Both sections of the banking and currency committee continued consideration of details of the pending bill.

HOUSE—Not in session.

Thursday, November 20.

SENATE—Foreign relations committee met. President Wilson sent in many diplomatic and consular nominations, among them that of Henry M. Pindell to be ambassador to Russia. Senator Thomas spoke indorsing Winston Churchill's proposed naval holiday. Senator Hoke Smith introduced a bill to appropriate $2,000,000 a year for post roads in conjunction with state. Adjourned Saturday.

HOUSE—Bill to bar convict made goods from interstate transportation, but still preserve the opportunity for convict labor on highways, was introduced by Representative Cary of Wisconsin. Representative Shackleford of Missouri introduced a companion bill to Senator Hoke Smith's good roads measure.

Friday, November 21.

SENATE—Not in session; meets Saturday. Banking committee continued in executive session.

HOUSE—Met at noon and adjourned at 12:11 to noon Saturday

Saturday, Nov. 22.

SENATE—Administration currency bill formally reported with divergent views of the banking committee. Elections committee recommended passage of temporary law for direct elections of senators.

HOUSE—Representative Johnson of Washington made a conservation speech. Adjourned until Wednesday.

Japanese Immigrants

Count Okuma, in a Japanese Magazine.

PERSONALLY I have always been in sympathy with the policy of promoting immigration and encouraging commerce and industry for the benefit of our rapidly increasing population. The Japanese have from the beginning been a migrating people, and today there is hardly a country where they are not in some way represented. Lately, however, certain countries have shown a dislike to our immigrants, and in Canada, America and Australia they would fain turn us out altogether. The situation now is that the very places where our people like most to go and settle are the places they are least wanted. One thing is certain—if there are certain countries who are ashamed to admit Japanese immigrants, these immigrants have no reason to be ashamed of their own country, for today it holds as proud a place as any among the great world powers.

We are indeed placed in an anomalous position; blamed for revealing a disposition not to settle permanently in other countries, and then refused the privilege of doing so by being denied the right of land ownership. Just as the new rich in Japan refuse to mingle with the common people, from which they have separated, so the so-called white people refuse to mingle with the Japanese to whom they have so very recently become superior.

It is now quite in order to ask how it is that a people admitted to be a first class nation should thus be treated with disrespect and looked upon as inferior to the races of Europe. It is no doubt due in a great measure to occidental race prejudice, rendered more acute by further differences of color and civilization. So long as it is possible for one people to approve of what may be quite repugnant to another there will remain the dreadful and hideous gorgon of race prejudice to mar the relations of one country with another, with which it would fain otherwise be friendly. It may be too much to expect that the white people will recognize that differences of manner and custom do not necessarily mean ill breeding and low character; but this change they must be prepared for if our people are to receive justice at their hands.

If it be true that a Japanese may be misunderstood by one of his own countrymen through imperfect expression of thought, how much more is a Japanese likely to be misunderstood by a foreigner!

We are not perfect, but we desire to be; yet if perfection and progress only make enemies for us, what is to be the outcome of it all? We can, I think, trust the sanity and justice of the west to see the unfairness and injustice of this attitude toward us. The so-called white races appear to assume that their mission is to rule all mankind; but if they behave toward orientals in accordance with this overweening assumption they will destroy the harmony of the entire world. • • •

Any one who has visited California and seen what the Japanese have done for the agricultural development of that state will be ready to admit the great benefit they have been there. But if after inviting us and receiving the benefit of our labor the people of the Pacific coast now want to get rid of us there is nothing to be done but to find friends elsewhere. Happily in South America, there is not that spirit of race prejudice that now unfortunately disturbs the people of the Pacific coast of North America, and consequently it is but wise for Japan to turn her face toward the south.

WHEN a man gets hold of a sack of "Bull" Durham, he gets the best tobacco in the world—and he knows it! He sticks to this pure, honest, satisfying tobacco and passes it along to other men.

That is why good old "Bull" Durham in the homely 5-cent muslin sack has increased its sales every year of the 53 years of its existence! That is why it has been the standard smoking tobacco of the world for three generations—smoked by *more millions of men* than all other high-grade tobaccos *combined!*

GENUINE
"BULL DURHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO
(Forty "rollings" in each 5-cent muslin sack)

"Bull" Durham comes in a plain, substantial muslin sack, because the quality is *all in the tobacco*—where it belongs! We could pack it in a fancy tin to sell for more money and offer "premiums" with it—but that wouldn't improve its smoking qualities, and you would have to pay for the fancy packing—also the "premiums." "Bull" Durham Tobacco is a *premium in itself!*

Get a 5-cent muslin sack of this grand old tobacco at the nearest dealer's *today*—tuck some in your pipe or roll a cigarette, and find out for yourself how *good* it is! Sold wherever good tobacco is sold—and you always get it *fresh.*

A book of "papers" free with each 5-cent muslin sack.

I STOPPED MY CATARRH OVER NIGHT

I Will Gladly Tell You How---FREE

HEALS 24 HOURS

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming, or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different — something delightful and healthful — something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger, and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome, made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habit made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how you can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Suite F 162,
1325 Michigan Ave. Chicago Ill.

Guaranteed Rupture Holder On 60 Days Trial

Won't Cost You A Cent If The Two Months Test Doesn't Prove All Our Claims

You can make a thorough 60 day test of this guaranteed rupture holder without having to risk a single cent. We make one especially for your case and let you see for yourself how it takes all the misery out of being ruptured.

Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of its kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 128 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what is wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugging should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the rare and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write today—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 14—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

BATTLE FOR CURRENCY BILL

Legislative Fight Has Begun in the Senate.

Washington, Nov. 22.—The final legislative battle for President Wilson's currency bill began in the senate today with the presentation of reports from the divided banking committee.

PARALYSIS Conquered at last! Write for proof of cures. Advice free. Dr. Chase's Blood and Nerve Tablets don't fail. Dr. Chase, 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DROPSY Short breath, swelling relieved in a day or two, often entirely removed in 10 to 20 days. Write for Free Treatment and Book. DR. FRANKLIN MILES, Box 603, ELKHART, IND.

FREE TO WOMEN I have helped hundreds of women everywhere to be Healthy and Beautiful. In my Book I have explained **Woman's Ills and How To Cure Them** I will mail you this book in a plain wrapper also send you a Proof Treatment Free if you will describe your condition and send a stamp for postage. Every woman should have it to herself and family to secure this book and Proof Treatment. They are Free. Write for Them. Dr. Lucia M. Derbyshire, Box B-112 Ft. Wayne, Indiana, U. S. A.

Sight Lost by Tobacco

Other Awful Effects of Tobacco Habit.

One of the most frequent and serious effects of excessive tobacco smoking and chewing is the gradual failing of eyesight; often followed by total blindness. Other terrible results include cancer, neurasthenia, insomnia, loss of vitality, brain softening and insanity. These consequences of smoking or chewing are well known to the foremost medical men of all countries.

Tobacco is often allied with constipation, blood poisoning, stomach and bowel ailments, piles, kidney and liver diseases, heart failure, rheumatism, nervous breakdown, melancholia, skin ailments and other dreaded disorders.

Why continue poisoning yourself? Write for free book and proofs that will convince you of a quick, safe, easy, gentle method of getting rid of tobacco habit. Edward J. Woods, 354 Sixth Ave., H-400, New York, N. Y., will promptly send the interesting book on tobacco habit free to anyone who ever writes him. If you would like calm nerves, good eyes, better memory, better health, more cheerfulness and true contentment, read this generous book and you are likely to soon be saying it is worth its weight in gold to you.

Stop Using a Truss

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are the wonderful new treatment for rupture which has enabled thousands to successfully treat themselves in privacy of home. Not made to be used forever, like the truss, but are intended to cure and thus do away with trusses; also with adhesive purposely to hold the out-of-place muscles secure.

STUART'S ADHESIVE
PLAPAO-PAD
TRADE MARK
THE ENTIRE INNER SURFACE OF THIS PLAPAO-PAD IS MADE ADHESIVE FOR THE PURPOSE OF PREVENTING SLIPPING AND ALSO TO SECURE THE PLAPAO-PAD FIRMLY TO THE BODY—INSURING CONTINUAL TREATMENT
PATD. APRIL 6 1909

FREE TRIAL OF PLAPAO

NO STRAPS, BUCKLES OR SPRINGS ATTACHED. Cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the pubic bone. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Don't delay from work. Trial Plapao sent FREE. Write today. Plapao Laboratories, Block 1129 St. Louis, Mo.

CRUCES IN PANAMA GOES OFF THE MAP

Historic Town, Said to Have Been Gate of Transit for Spanish Gold, Abandoned.

The Panama canal commission has issued an order for the depopulation of Cruces, one of the historic towns of the Isthmus of Panama, and the abandonment of the little town, which in the olden days was known as Venta Cruz, has already begun. Cruces is situated on the south bank of the Chagres river, a little above the site where will be located the official administration city of Gamboa. Most of the buildings in Cruces are of the native type with bamboo walls and thatched roofs, the number of houses in the village being 60, exclusive of the church and the school house.

"Cruces," the bulletin of the canal commission says, "is one of the oldest settlements on the isthmus and in early times was known as Venta Cruz. The origin of the town has been described as follows:

On Gold Route.

"The first transit route across the isthmus, for the transportation of gold, silver, and merchandise from the various Spanish colonies on the Pacific to Spain, ran from the City of Panama to Nombre de Dios, on the shores of the Caribbean. It was cut through the forest and jungle, over mountain tops and across mountain streams, and was roughly paved with stones. It ran from Panama in a northeasterly direction for about 20 miles to a point on the Chagres river, which was given the name of Venta Cruz, afterward changed to Cruces. Thence it extended northward to Nombre de Dios. A line of posts was established along the route. It was put in use in 1519, and was the sole route between the two oceans until about 1535, when the Chagres between Venta Cruz and the Atlantic, a distance of about 36 miles, was made navigable for boats of light draft, and a water route was established between Venta Cruz and Nombre de Dios. The land route between these points was not abandoned, however, but continued to be used in connection with the water route. So well was the paving said that parts of it remain in position today, and the entire trail from Panama City to Cruces is open, and is used by the natives as a highway for pack mules and ponies."

Pizarro Did Paving.

The paving of the road referred to is said to have been the work of Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. A toll gate is said to have been set up in the village in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and all traffic between the two oceans passed through and paid tribute to Cruces.

"According to the report made by Bancroft," the latest issue of The Panama Canal Record to reach New York states, "on the fiscal regulations and commercial decline of the Spanish colonies, goods to the amount of 466,346 pesos de oro were registered as passing through the Casa at Cruces, while more than seven and one-half millions were smuggled across.

"In their march from Fort San Lorenzo, at the mouth of the Chagres river, to attack Old Panama, Henry Morgan and his men ascended the river to Cruces. Esquemeling speaks of it as follows:

* * * "Thus they proceeded on their journey until noon, at which time they arrived at the village called Cruz. * * * This village is seated in the latitude of nine degrees and two minnoes can come, for which reason they Fort of Chagre 26 Spanish leagues, and eight from Panama. Moreover, it is the last place to which boats or caoes can come, for which reason they built here storehouses, wherein to keep all kinds of merchandise, which hence to and from Panama are transported upon the backs of mules.'"

"Messrs. Sosa and Arce, local historians, note that the Chagres river was first explored from its mouth to the interior, probably to about where Cruces now is, by Capt. Hernando de la Serna, and the pilot Pablo Corzo, between April 3 and 10, 1527.

"Following the construction of the Panama Railroad, Cruces entered upon a period of decadence which has existed until this day.

"Prior to 1911, the village had a historic curiosity in the shape of two wrought iron anchors. According to tradition, these anchors were brought up the Chagres river in boats for transport overland to Panama, but the plan was abandoned at Cruces. One of these anchors stood in the village about 300 yards from the river, and the other alongside the trail about 400 yards from the river. Each anchor has a 14-foot shank. The idea was conceived by Lieut. Walter D. Smith, formerly constructing quartermaster of the Canal commission, to send these anchors to West Point. The anchors were placed on a raft, which subsequently broke loose from its moorings, and after floating down the river a short distance, collided with a log, breaking in two, and allowing the anchors to go to the bottom of the stream. They were recovered later, but before they could be placed on board a vessel, a cable message was received by the chairman from the secretary of war disapproving of the plan. The anchors are now in the yards of the general storehouse at Mount Hope.

"Cruces also possesses another relic in three ancient church bells. These bells are of varying size, and from one of them a piece has been broken. The dates are indistinguishable, but they are known to be very old. After the transfer of the anchors, the inhabitants, becoming apprehensive that the bells also would be taken, had them removed and hidden. Later, when these fears were dispelled, they were returned to their old place."

CALLS 1914 FULL OF WOE

Moore's Almanac Predicts Many Disasters Next Year.

Tit-Bits.

If the gentleman who writes the prophecies in Moore's Almanac is to be believed, 1914 is to be a year of disaster. It is doubtful whether the pessimism displayed in the latest issue has ever been exceeded in the 217 years' history of the almanac.

Here are a few points from the work of this prophet of woe:

January—Wintry. Naval disasters; dangers of epidemics; shipping and religious scandals.

February—Variable. Serious dispute between king and government.

March—Finer at end. Double dealing by the colonies.

April—Generally fine; much rain. Evil for national exchequer; deaths among upper ten.

May—Variable. Violence, crime and incendiarism.

June—Fine, thunder. Evil in theatrical affairs; fire and explosion in the commons.

July—Variable. Excited and warlike conditions among the people; serious crisis for government.

August—Fine generally. Frauds on revenue and trickery in money market.

September—Fair on the whole. Religious disputes in France and Italy.

October—Fine on the whole. Want and privation.

November—Variable and cold. Dispute with another power; attacks on royalty by Socialists.

December—Snow at Christmas. Serious railway accidents; scandals in high life; sad Christmas for many people.

CONVULSIONS

Convulsions, nervous failing spells and spasms promptly relieved by my special treatment. Testimonials on file from cases afflicted since childhood, in which my remedies were successful. Enclose this in your letter for Free Trial Bottle. 1913 expressage. Give age and full particulars. Dr. F. Harvey Roof, Dept. 936 Station N, New York, N. Y.

BOOK OF PERSONAL ADVICE

FREE to Any Man

MY DEAR READER:

In the handsomely printed little book or private pocket compendium for men containing 8,000 words and 40 half-tone photo reproductions), which I publish and gladly forward by mail, free, sealed, to any man anywhere in the world who sends me the free coupon below. I have included certain parts that contain some very important advice or suggestions of a strictly personal nature which I believe cannot be found in any of the Private Hygiene books for men that are now sold at high prices all over the country. It will thus be seen I have endeavored, through the medium of my free book, to give my readers absolutely free of cost really MORE, in some respects, than others offer and make a large charge for. All you have to do to get this free book of mine is to use the coupon below, or if in my neighborhood, I extend an invitation to you to call at my office. Please remember that this free offer involves absolutely no obligation on your part, and there is nothing whatsoever for you to pay, and nothing whatsoever for you to buy in any way, unless you should decide at some time in the future that you would like to try one of my mechanical VITALIZERS (described below), but that rests entirely with yourself. Over a million of these little free books have now been sent to men who wrote for them, as I want you to do, and who live in all quarters of the globe. I publish this free book in English, Swedish, Danish, Finnish, German, French and Polish, but I always send the English edition, of course, unless otherwise instructed. Kindly use the little coupon.

SANDEN, AUTHOR.

Manly, Vigorous Men Rule the World.

In reference to manly strength, I believe it is now more generally acknowledged than ever before that the manly man stands back of all that makes for progress, development and achievement in the world, a truth which any of us can easily verify if we but look about us with impartial eyes.

As a matter of fact, the man who is debilitated, unstrung and enervated cannot, for perfectly obvious reasons, expect to approach those real and masterful attainments which seem but a natural and easy accomplishment for him whose nerve force, brain power and manly strength are perfectly normal. Hence, while we acknowledge the debilitated, weakened man to be handicapped in every walk of life where real manhood counts, yet it would indeed be cruel of me to here so state the fact in public print were I not of the honest opinion that there is every hope for the unmanly man to restore himself to a state of health and vigor, if he but clear his mind of abnormal fear, and then make a fair, square effort to redeem himself.

There are two specimens of humanity for which I have no earthly use: One is the man who, though not strong and vital, yet plunges into dissipation and excess with the certain knowledge of his unmanly fate. The other is the man who, though knowingly debilitated and enervated, makes no efforts to get away from his life of dissipation and wrong practices. As a matter of fact, there is no hope for either of these unfortunates. But for him who acknowledges his errors, who may come to me and say, "I have paid the penalty of my past follies, but I am THROUGH with my life of dissipation, and I am going to make a manly effort to restore myself," to such a man, I care not what his physical condition may be, I can say in all truthfulness: "You, my friend, are on the right road to new strength and new manhood," for he really is, and there is no doubt about it.

I make a little appliance that I call a VITALIZER, which I designed to aid just such men who seek manly strength. I am not offering this VITALIZER here for sale, but merely suggest that you, reader, take the opportunity to learn all about what this little appliance is doing today everywhere throughout the world; then, if in the future you want to use one yourself and will so write me, I will gladly make some liberal proposition whereby you may have one to try. The VITALIZER is fully described in one section of the free book which the coupon below entitles you to.

The VITALIZER is made up in a very light form, weighing only several ounces, and you wear it on your body at night. It generates a great, soft, pleasant FORCE which I call VIGOR, and which flows in a continuous stream into your nerves, organs, blood and muscles while you sleep. I am satisfied in my own mind that I have access to a great POWER in this little VITALIZER which in the future will be more and more relied upon all over the world in the treatment of debilities and nerve weaknesses.

With special attachments which carry the FORCE of the VITALIZER to any part of the body, it may be used by women as well as men for the treatment of rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, nervousness, lack of energy, etc. Therefore, please send for the book today, or, if you happen to live in or near this city, I should be very glad to see you in person. Office hours, 9 to 6; Sunday, 10 to 1.

WHAT THE FREE BOOK TEACHES YOU

The free illustrated advice booklet mentioned above is meant to be a simple declaration of certain important truths that every man in the world should know. The day has gone by when men are kept in ignorance of the real problems pertaining to sex subjects, and this illustrated advice booklet, which I send by mail, gives certain important facts just as these facts are. The booklet also fully describes my VITALIZER, and you are told how you may get one for your own use if you decide that you want one. Please use coupon below.

T. B. SANDEN CO., 1261 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your book, as advertised, free, sealed.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Carranza in the Field With Home-Made Gun; Pleads For Modern Arms to Defeat Huerta

"Lift the embargo off arms and ammunition and let us fight it out among ourselves. That's all we ask." Such was the plea of General Venustiano Carranza, leader of the Constitutionalists, to Washington long ago. From time to time reports stated that President Wilson might decide to comply with the request. This picture shows Carranza and a few of his officers surrounding a home-made gun. Equipped with modern guns and rifles Carranza claimed he would "wipe Huerta off the map."

William Bayard Hale, personal representative, has just finished a conference with Gen. Carranza, and the rebel leader may soon have help.

HALE HAS HAD A PROTEAN CAREER

Man of Many Parts Is This Episcopal Rector, Serving Wilson.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 21.—The important role which William Bayard Hale plays in the present Mexican imbroglio as the unofficial and confidential representative of President Wilson has brought that remarkable man again into the limelight of public interest. The last time he held the centre of the stage was in 1908, when he had that famous interview with Emperor William, the publication of which came dangerously near causing serious international complications between Germany and England. His present appearance in a semi-diplomatic role under the most critical conditions and in connection with a situation requiring the most skillful diplomatic handling, naturally revives the interest in Mr. Hale's remarkable and somewhat stormy career.

William Bayard Hale was born in Richmond, Ind., April 6, 1869. His father was a man of wealth and gave him an excellent education by private tutors. Young Hale had brilliant talents and was scarcely more than a boy when he entered the field of literature by writing poetry and short stories for newspapers and magazines. He also showed considerable ability as an orator and took active part in one or two of the Democratic state campaigns. Then he came to Boston, studied at Boston University and Harvard and completed his education at the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge. There he became acquainted with Bishop Phillips Brooks, who took great interest in the brilliant young student.

A Popular Rector.

The bishop placed him in charge of a mission in Middleboro, Mass., which under the energetic leadership of young Hale developed into the Church of Our Savior. As the rector of the parish the Rev. William Bayard Hale became exceedingly popular in Middleboro and his brilliant ability attracted attention throughout New England. In 1895 he caused a sensation by publishing a paper entitled "A Religious Analysis of a New England Town," in which he pleaded for the unification of church interests, at least in small towns, and severely criticized the methods used by churches to attract crowds and to raise funds. This paper and many of his sermons containing similar criticisms, made him extremely unpopular with clergymen of all denominations. He preached a series of notable sermons in St. Paul's Church in Boston, and in 1896 he lectured at Oxford University, by invitation, on "The Making of the American Constitution," making an excellent impression.

He Was Divorced.

He retained his hold on his own parish until 1897, when his engagement to Miss Mabel Matilda Jolly, the daughter of a Middleboro woolen merchant, was announced. His choice did not meet with the approval of some of the older women in the parish and they made things so disagreeable for the young minister that he resigned and accepted a call to a small parish in Ardmore, Pa. He married Miss Jolly in 1899 and took her to Ardmore. Seven months later she left him and in 1901 she obtained a divorce on the ground of cruelty. After the divorce had been granted Mr. Hale retired from the ministry and, for some time at least, tried to earn a living as an insurance agent. Becoming dissatisfied with the insurance business, Mr. Hale gave it up and turned newspaper and magazine writer. He also took active part in politics and went on the stump for Bryan in 1900.

In 1908, while employed by a New York newspaper, Mr. Hale went to Europe and obtained, through the intervention of Baron von Sternberg, who had been German ambassador to the United States, an opportunity to interview Emperor William who, at that time, was cruising off the coast of Norway in the imperial yacht Hohenzollern. It was on board of that yacht that Mr. Hale had that famous interview with the emperor which stirred up such a tremendous sensation. The kaiser was severely criticized for his indiscrete utterances and the German foreign office made strenuous efforts to suppress the publication of the interview which was intended for a prominent American magazine. Although part of the edition had already been printed, the publishers of the magazine consented to suppress the edition and to destroy the plates and eventually the matter was hushed up.

Mr. Hale was literary editor of a New York newspaper when President Wilson became governor of New Jersey. Mr. Hale was a strong supporter of Mr. Wilson and became an intimate friend of the governor. The friendship continued after Mr. Wilson was elected President and Mr. Hale was a frequent visitor at the White House. When the Mexican situation became acute, President Wilson sent Mr. Hale as his personal representative, to obtain authentic information and advice concerning the conditions in Mexico.

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

GIVE ME A CHANCE TO CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM FREE

Mr. Delano took his own medicine. It cured his rheumatism after he had suffered tortures for thirty-six years. He spent thousands of dollars before he discovered the remedy that cured him, but I will give you the benefit of his experience for nothing.

If you suffer from rheumatism let me send you a package of this remedy absolutely free. Don't send any money. I want to give it to you. I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The picture shows how rheumatism twists and distorts the bones. Maybe you are suffering the same way. Don't. You don't need to. I have the remedy that I believe will cure you and it's yours for the asking. Write me today. F. H. Delano, 133 J. Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York, and I will send you a free package the very day I get your letter.

'Dryest' Sunday Ohio Has in Many Years

Columbus, Nov. 24.—Ohio saloons were closed up tighter Sunday than they been on that day for many years, according to reports received today by the state liquor commission from the county boards in the 43 wet counties. The saloons in the large cities that were open were those that were refused licenses and had their stock to sell off.

Attorney General Hogan said the license feature of the new state liquor law went into effect last midnight. He thinks assaults on the law will cease now.

J. Howard Secrest, member of the state license commission, called on Governor Cox today and advised him of the reports sent in by the various county boards to the effect that there had been general compliance with the closing orders of the commission.

PEOPLE'S ARMY WITH SYLVIA

Suffragette Makes Speech Under a Strong Guard.

London, Nov. 24.—Supported by her "people's army," Miss Sylvia Pankhurst addressed a meeting at Bow Sunday afternoon and then marched under the escort of the army from the hall to her residence. No attempt was made to arrest her. Throughout the proceedings, Miss Pankhurst looked nervously alert, clutching at her chair at the slightest noise.

Miss Zelie Emerson, of Jackson, Mich., also spoke.

Ex-Governor Who Will Work for Temperance

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 20.—Southern people are deeply interested in the campaign against the use of alcoholic drinks begun by ex-Governor Patterson.

At the recent temperance convention at Columbus called by the anti-saloon league Mr. Patterson delivered a notable address favoring prohibition, in which he stated that he would devote a large portion of his time in future to working for the cause.

ACQUIT ARMY OFFICER'S WIFE

Cheyenne, Wyo., Nov. 22.—The jury trying Mrs. Joseph L. Wier, wife of an army officer, for the alleged theft of gowns from Mrs. J. S. Cecil, late yesterday returned a verdict of not guilty. The case was tried in the United States district court.

PRESIDENT IN RARE SILK

Remarkable Likeness Made by Obscure Syrian.

Washington, Nov. 24.—A remarkable likeness of President Wilson, done in rare silks by an obscure Syrian in the Orient, was presented to the President today on behalf of the Buffalo, N. Y., Syrian colony. It was a reproduction from a photograph the President sent last February in response to a request from Mansour Karam of Buffalo. Karam came to the White House today with the silk and said it was the result of six months' patient work by a Syrian living near Beirut.

Karam speaks little English and with difficulty made his mission known. Though humbly dressed, Karam was taken in the President's private office and left joyfully with an autograph letter of thanks.

HUERTA ANXIOUS FOR APPROVAL

Influence of Powers May Cause Him to Give Up Presidency.

Mexico City, Nov. 20.—It was regarded here today as not entirely impossible that Provisional President Huerta, after having, through the ratification of the new congress, relieved himself from the danger of being called to account for his acts by some future administration, might be brought to the point of self-elimination through the efforts of the foreign powers supporting the United States government.

It was not generally expected today that Provisional President Huerta on the convening of the new Mexican congress at 6 o'clock this evening would encounter much of the obstructionist tactics which characterized the last congress, as the new deputies were known to be in sympathy with his policies. On their meeting General Huerta, it was assumed, would automatically forfeit the self-imposed powers which he has enjoyed since the dissolution of the two houses early last month.

Will Be Ratified.

One of the first steps the new congress is expected to take is the ratification in entirety of the chief executive's acts as dictator and that the two houses would be asked to do this was plainly indicated in his message to them. The securing of this ratification of his acts is currently reported to have been one of the reasons why General Huerta so obstinately opposed the pressure brought to bear on him by the United States and other nations to withdraw and efface himself.

Named Successor.

The provisional president is said by those believed to be in a position to know to have been persuaded that he must resign and to have named Manuel Garza Aldape, former minister of the interior, as the man he desired to succeed him, when the insistence of John Lind, the personal representative of President Wilson, upon the abolition of the new congress caused him to change his attitude and reject the idea of resigning.

Up to the moment of the last representation made to him by John Lind, the friends of the provisional president say he frequently eulogized Senor Aldape as one of the most worthy to be head of the Mexican government, and he appeared to look with some degree of equanimity on the idea of turning over the presidency to him.

Presidential Salute.

Mexican flags were hoisted over all the public buildings in the federal capital at 6 o'clock this morning and arrangements were made for the firing of the usual presidential salute at the hour fixed for the convening of the new congress.

The congress held a short preliminary session before the arrival of Huerta. Speaker Eduardo Tamariz, former minister of public instruction, formally declared open "the second period of the twenty-sixth Mexican congress."

FLEET NOW OFF COAST OF MEXICO

American War Ships.

At Vera Cruz.....Battleship Michigan
At Vera Cruz..Battleship Rhode Island
At Vera Cruz.....Battleship Virginia
At Vera Cruz...Battleship New Jersey
At Vera Cruz.....Battleship Nebraska
At Vera Cruz.....Cruiser Tacoma
At Vera Cruz....Scout Cruiser Chester
At Vera Cruz.....Gunboat Wheeling
Tt Turpam.....Battleship Louisiana
At Tuxpam..Battleship N. Hampshire
At Guaymas.....Cruiser Pittsburg
At Guamas.....Gunboat Glacier
At Topolobampo....Gunboat Annapolis
At Mazatlan.....Cruiser California
At Mazatlan.....Cruiser Maryland

British War Ships.

On woy from West Indies to Vera Cruz.....Cruiser Suffolk
On way from West Indies to Vera Cruz.....Cruiser Lancaster
On way from West Indies to Vera Cruz.....Cruiser Berwick

German War Ships.

At Vera Cruz.....Cruiser Bremen
At Vera Cruz.....Cruiser Bertha
At Guaymas.....Cruiser Nuernberg

French War Ship.

At Vera Cruz.....Cruiser Conde

Japanese War Ship.

Nearing Mazatlan.....Cruiser Izumo

HUERTA USES SOFT WORDS ON HIS NEW CONGRESS

Mexico City, Nov. 20.—Provisional President Huerta today sent a message to congress in which he recounted his acts as provisional head of the republic and defended his course. He condemned the house of representatives, which he dissolved, as having tried to usurp all branches of the government.

Huerta makes no direct mention of American interference in his brief message. He said in part:

"The house endeavored to prevent every effort of the government, aggressively invading not only the province of the judicial power, but that of the executive in order to co-operate in the infamous purposes of the rebels. Having come to this extreme, the government under my direction had to face this painful dilemma, the decision of which could not be held any further, to consent in the preservation of the house of representatives as an assembly of demogogues, so that it would end by strangling the other two powers, dragging the country to the chaos of a bloody anarchy in which our nationality would briefly and inevitably have perished, or in taking a legitimate reaction of defense and public health, waiving during the short period of time the so-called national representation and appealing to the people to come before the polls, in order that it should then and there express its ultimate and sovereign desire; and it being impossible to hesitate before such a situation, the executive adopted the extreme measure, dissolved congress, employing for this purpose just the necessary amount of energy to face so delicate a condition, and convened the people to new elections.

The executive has not the slightest doubt that constitutional order was not interrupted when congress was dissolved, but at the precise moment in which a series of infractions against the province of action of the other two powers began, but even if such was not the case, it shall always appear as a high and noble motive, preferable under any circumstances to save nations, even though principles may suffer, and not to maintain intact at the expense of the life of the country, provisions of a rigid and inanimate character, whose justice and usefulness may yet be the subject of discussion, because, in the words of the great Bonaparte, the law is not violated when the country is saved. Congress having been dissolved and in absence of this important organ of the government from that date until the assembling of the new chambers, it became necessary to decree extraordinary powers.

WOULD SWIM FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

Panama, Nov. 19. — Alfred Brown, a member of a New York life saving corps, has arrived here with the hope of being the first man to swim from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, through the canal. He arrived here yesterday and proposes to start the swim as soon as he obtains the necessary permission to go through the locks at either end of the canal.

LAST OF THE JAP SHOGUNS IS DEAD

Prince Keiki Tokugawa Was Once Supreme Ruler of Japan.

New York, Nov. 22.—The death of Prince Keiki Tokugawa, announced in a brief cablegram from Tokio today, severed a connecting link between the old and new Japan. None of the contemporaries of the pre-Meiji era of the days of the Shogunate enjoyed such distinction as hedged about Prince Keiki, the last of the Shoguns.

In these latter days of the era of enlightenment in Japan it is doubtful if the average foreign visitor or even resident was aware of the unobtrusive existence of a man who barely 50 years ago was the de facto ruler of Japan.

Almost Unnoticed Later.

In contrast with the unassailable dignity with which he sat as the Lord of Lords in the feudal days—when it was a capital crime for ordinary folk to look the Shogun in the face, and when he could scarcely stir a step without the observance of a high bound code of solemn ceremonial—the Shogun in his modern role of prince adopted such democratic simplicity that he rode about the streets of Tokio almost unnoticed on a bicycle.

As Shogun, or the hereditary commander-in-chief of the army, he wore the odd dress of the Samurai with wing-like projections over the shoulders and with two swords, one long and the other short. Amid twentieth century surroundings, living as a somewhat retiring old man, he discarded all the pomp and even on state occasions appeared in an ordinary frock coat.

Ten Months As Shogun.

He held his exalted office as Shogun for only ten months in the year 1867-8. During the Shogunate preceding him Japan had enjoyed an unbroken interval of peace and tranquility for nearly three centuries. It was at the time of his coming to power that Japan found herself subjected to pressure from without which threatened to force her to renounce her time honored policy of entire isolation. The Tokugawa shogunate had to yield to the foreign demand and the Kanagwa treaty was first signed with the plenipotentiary of the United States as the sequel to the visit of Commodore Perry with his "black ships." Up to that time the emperor of Japan was little more than a pawn in the dangerous game played between Yedo (now Tokio) and Kyoto as the rival centers of the Japanese government. In 1868 the imperial authority reasserted itself with an edict from Emperor Mutsuhito for the abolition of the Shogunate and announcing the emperor's "resumption of the government." Prince Keiki continued the struggle and internecine strife of almost endless duration threatened to exhaust the state and expose it as an easy prey to foreign oppression when Keiki voluntarily abdicated and restored the powers of government to the imperial throne.

Came to Be "Prince."

He led a life of complete seclusion for many years, but in 1898 he was invited by the emperor to take up his residence in Tokio and the title of prince was conferred upon him.

The Japan Times in describing the incident of his appearance as a guest at a garden party given by Count Okuma in 1907 declared that the prince stood as an emblem of the Japanese genius of civilization, remarking the changes that had been effected by a "revolution without madness" since the days of the Shogunate.

HE STUCK TO HIS PLACE

Engineer, Scalded, Brings His Train to a Halt.

Metuchen, N. J., Nov. 24.—With seven coaches swinging behind his engine, William Carr, engineer, was bringing his express train from Philadelphia to the Pennsylvania terminal in New York yesterday, when just this side of Trenton his locomotive's steamchest exploded. In an instant he was enveloped in steam and scalding water streamed over him.

Carr remained at his post, knowing he must bring his train to a halt. He closed the throttle and threw on the emergency brakes. As the train came to a jarring standstill trainmen and conductors found Carr unconscious in his cab, his flesh terribly scalded, his hand still on the throttle. Today he lies in St. Peter's Hospital, hovering between life and death.

BRYAN GOES DUCK HUNTING

Obeys Command of Young Grandson With Shotgun.

Washington, Nov. 22.—Little Bryan Leavitt walked into the office of the Secretary of State today attired in hunting garb and with a little shot gun over his shoulder. Diplomats, officials and secretaries were standing about.

"Grandpa," said the little fellow, "you promised to g oduck hunting at eleven o'clock. You're late now. Let's go."

Secretary Bryan looked at his desk, found no dispatches of importance, disposed of his callers and obeyed the call of the hunt. He went down the Potomac river and expected to be gone all day.

THE MARKETS

Toledo, Nov. 24.—Argentine again made its influence felt in the local wheat market this morning and resulted in higher openings as the result of less favorable news from that country and the strong cables. Foreign cables were ¼ higher. Some of the Chicago bears believe that the present level of prices cannot be maintained unless the foreign markets absorb more of the domestic wheat here. Canadian offers are firm and world's shipments liberal, but the greater part of the latter has been taken by the continent. Domestic weather is generally clear with lower temperatures. Openings averaged from ⅛ to ¾ higher than Saturday's closing prices.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Nov. 24.	Close Nov. 22.
Wheat—					
Cash	95¾	95¾	95¾	95¾	95¾
Dec.	96¼	96¼	96	96	96
May	1.01⅝	1.01⅝	1.01¼	1.01¼	1.01¼
Corn—					
Cash				69¾	70
Dec.	70¾	70¾	70¼	70¾	71⅛
May	71½	71½	71⅛	71⅛	72
July	71⅛	71⅛	71¼	71¼	71½
Oats—					
Cash				41¾	41¾
Dec.	40¾	40¾	40¼	40¾	40¾
May	44¼	44¼	44¼	44¼	44¼
July	43¼	43¼	43¼	43¼	43½
Clover Seed—					
Cash				8.75	8.60
Dec.	8.55	8.75	8.55	8.75	8.60
Jan.	8.57½	8.80	8.57½	8.80	8.62½
Feb.	8.57½	8.80	8.57½	8.80	8.62½
March	8.65	8.80	8.65	8.80	8.62½
Rye—					
No. 2				66	66
Alsike—					
Prime				10.70	10.70
Dec.	10.70			10.70	10.70
March	10.75			10.80	10.75
Timothy—					
Prime old				2.47½	2.50
Prime new				2.50	2.52½
Dec.	2.52½			2.50	2.55
Feb.	2.62½			2.62½	2.65
March	2.62½			2.65	2.67½

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	86½	86¾	86¼	86½	86¼
May	91	91	90⅝	90⅝	90⅞
July	88¼	88¼	87⅞	87⅞	87⅝
Corn—					
Dec.	70¾	70¾	69¾	69¾	70¼
May	70⅝	70⅝	69⅝	69⅝	70⅜
July	69½	69½	69	69	69½
Oats—					
Dec.	38	38	37⅜	37⅜	38
May	41⅞	41⅞	41⅜	41⅜	41⅞
July	41¾	41⅝	41⅜	41¼	41⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	20.85	20.85	20.75	20.80	20.77
May	20.75	20.80	20.70	20.77	20.70
Lard—					
Jan.	10.95	10.97	10.87	10.90	10.87
May	11.15	11.17	11.10	11.12	11.10
Ribs—					
Jan.	10.95	10.95	10.90	10.92	10.90
May	11.15	11.17	11.10	11.12	11.10

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.				82⅝	82½
May				87⅝	87½

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec.				83¼	83¼
May				88¼	88

New York Produce.

New York, Nov. 24.—Flour steady; spring patents, $4.35@4.55; winter straights, $4.10@4.20; winter patents, $4.40@4.60; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1 winter, $3.55@3.75; extra No. 2 winter, $3.35@3.50; Kansas straights, $4.10@4.20. Higher Liverpool cables and disturbing Argentine weather news caused a slight advance in wheat this morning; May, 98 11-16@98⅝c. Pork steady; mess, $23.25@23.75; family, $24.50@27.50; short jeans, $20.25@22.00. Beef quiet; mess, $18.00@18.50; family, $19.50@20.50. Lard easy; middle west, $10.90@11.00. Petroleum steady; refined. New York bulk, $5.25; barrels, $8.75; cases, $11.25. Molasses steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 35@55c. Hay firm; standard, $1.02½; No. 1, $1.07½; No. 2, 95@97½c; No. 3, 80@85c. Hides steady; Bogota, 29½@30½c; Central American, 30c. Leather steady; hemlock firsts, 29@30c; seconds, 28@29c. Raw sugar steady; Muscovado, 3.11c; centrifugal, 3.67c; molasses, 2.92c; refined steady; cut loaf, 5.30c; crushed, 5.20c; mould A, 4.85c; cubes, 4.60c; XXXX powdered, 4.50c; powdered, 4.45c; fine granulated, 4.35c; diamond A, 4.35c; confectioners' A, 4.25c; No. 1, 4.25c.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 24.—Cattle receipts 5,300; prime steers, $8.60@8.75; shipping, $7.75@8.40; butchers, $7.00@8.35; cows, $3.50@6.75; bulls, $5.00@7.25; heifers, $5.50@7.50; stock heifers, $4.75@5.50; stockers and feeders, $5.50@7.00; fresh cows and springs, $40.00@87.00. Veals, $7.00; native, $6.00@11.50; Canada, $3.50@5.50.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,000; heavy, $8.00; mixed, $7.90@8.00; Yorkers, $7.50@8.00; pigs, $7.25@7.50; roughs, $7.15@7.25; stags, $5.50@7.00; dairies, $7.75@8.00. Sheep—Receipts, 10,000; lambs, $5.50@7.50; yearlings, $4.50@6.00; wethers, $4.50@4.75; ewes, $2.50@4.25; sheep, mixed, $4.25@5.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Nov. 24.—Hogs—Receipts, 35,000; strong; bulk of sales, $7.55@7.85; light, $7.25@7.80; mixed, $7.40@7.90; heavy, $7.35@7.90; rough, $7.35@7.50; pigs, $5.00@7.00. Cattle—Receipts, 16,000; strong; beeves, $6.70@9.65; Texas steers, $6.60@7.75; stockers and feeders, $4.20@7.50; cows and heifers, $3.35@8.30; calves, $6.50@10.00. Sheep—Receipts, 40,000; slow; native, $3.90@5.00; yearlings, $5.15@6.35; lambs, native, $5.80@7.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Nov. 24.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,400; market lower; heavy steers, $8.40@8.70; fat steers, $7.50@8.25; fair steers, $5.90@6.50; choice heifers, $6.40@6.85; fat cows, $5.00@6.40; fair cows, $3.25@4.90; butcher bulls, $6.67½@7.25; milch cows, $50@90. Hogs—Receipts, 10,000; market higher; prime heavies, $7.95; heavy mixed, $7.85@7.90; medium, $7.85@7.90; heavy Yorkers, $7.85@7.90; light Yorkers, $7.40@7.60; pigs, $7.60@7.15. Sheep and lambs—Market higher; prime wethers, $4.65; choice lambs, $7.25. Calves—Receipts, 500; market steady; top, $11.25.

Cotton.

New York, Nov. 24.—Cotton—Futures opened steady; December, 13.15c; January, 12.85c; March, 12.86c; May, 12.85c; July, 12.73c.

Reports from Washington that a statistician formerly connected with the department of agriculture estimated the current crop at a little over 15,000,000 bales, seemed to strengthen the bearish sentiment in the cotton market this morning. Cables were about as due, but after opening steady at 4 to 6 lower, the market sold 10 to 12 net lower, under liquidation, selling by Liverpool straddlers, and scattering pressure from local and southern sources. There were buying orders on a scale down, but little aggressive support, although reports from eastern belt points were that picking and ginning have been nearly completed in Georgia and South Carolina.

Reports that a Shreveport spot expert had raised his estimate of the crop from 13,850,000 to 14,310,000 bales, seemed to encourage some of the early selling, but the market was less active toward midday, with prices showing rallies of 4 or 5 points on covering.

Are You Going Deaf?

Deaf people hear clearly with the latest wonder of science, the improved 1914 model

Mears New 8-Tone Ear Phone

Thousands of sufferers from deafness have recovered their hearing with this perfected instrument. It is **eight** times as efficient, **eight** times as convenient, **eight** times as satisfactory, and **eight** times as valuable as our famous Standard model. It has **eight** different sound strengths, **eight** different tone adjustments, instantly changed by a touch of the finger to suit any condition of the hearing organs or to register either loud or ordinary sounds.

Free Trial Prove its powers at at our expense. Will you try a Mears Ear Phone for 15 days in your home, absolutely free? Will you believe the evidence of your own ears? That is all we ask. Send for our free trial offer.

Our Offer In order to give our patrons the **personal** service that is possible only when we know them and deal with them direct, we have discontinued all our American agencies. Our new 8-Tone model ear phone can be

COUPLE RULED BY HIGH IDEALS

Sayre and His Bride Are Dominated With Desire to Serve.

Washington, Nov. 25. — Similar tastes, a devotion to the same ideals, and a desire to dedicate their lives to work of Christian usefulness and social service is the characteristic quality of Miss Jessie Woodrow Wilson, daughter of the President, and Francis Bowes Sayre, who today are to be married at the White House.

Both have won laurels at college for their studies in political economy and sociological subjects, and each has worked among the poor in the settlements of the big cities, familiarizing themselves with life's problems.

A fondness for outdoor sports, a desire to spend more time in the work of social welfare and service rather than in the comforts of the drawing room, and an ambition to live simply and quietly and without ostentation, have developed a mutuality of interest in the young couple aside from their congeniality of disposition. They have known each other about two and a half years, during which time the two families have become intimate as well. The Sayre family is an old Pennsylvania institution with a collegiate and theological trend quite similar to the ancestry of Miss Wilson.

Sayre is a graduate of Williams College and Harvard Law School. He has spent his vacations in the sheep ranches of Wyoming, hunting in the Rockies or exploring in Alaska. He counts among his thrilling adventures a hazardous trip across Bering Strait in a 15-ton schooner and has tramped the Canadian woods for days at a time living the hardships of the forest. He has spent some of his summers on the Labrador Coast with Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, who each year ministers to the sick and needy fishermen there. Dr. Grenfell is to be best man at the wedding today. The couple has selected a modest little house in Williamstown, Mass., where Sayre is to be assistant to the president of Williams College, Professor Harry A. Garfield, a son of the martyred President, and once a member of the Princeton faculty.

Bride Is 26.

Miss Wilson, the White House bride of today, was born in Gainesville, Ga., 26 years ago, being two years younger than her future husband. But she has lived most of her life in Princeton, where her father was for 27 years connected with Princeton University. After being educated by a German governess until the age of 12, she attended Princeton's schools and then specialized in political economy at Goucher College, Baltimore, where she graduated with a Phi Beta Kappa key, a symbol of high scholarship, which Sayre also won at Williams.

Miss Wilson spent two years living four days a week in a settlement house in the Kensington mill district of Philadelphia. She shared the humble fare of the settlement restaurant and became affectionately devoted to her charges. She taught mothers' clubs, preaching industry, economy and household concerns. She was not seen often at the afternoon teas at the White House last spring, being away most of the time speaking in behalf of the Y. W. C. A., of whose national board she is an active member. She is an ardent believer in woman suffrage—the result of her observations of social problems. She has not taken a prominent part in advancing the cause, however, because of her father's official position, but she sympathizes heartily with the efforts of women to get the ballot as an instrument for the correction of the evils of child labor and the institution of other social reforms.

The bridal party selected by both the bride and groom reflects in its personnel the intimate feeling of the couple for those who have been associated with them in their recreations and serious pursuits.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the best man, has world-wide fame as a missionary physician in the bleak land of Labrador. His wife, who was among the guests at the White House today, was Miss Anna McClanahan of Chicago, where their marriage took place with Francis Bowes Sayre, today's bridegroom, as an usher. Dr. Grenfell's second return from his humble home in an isolated land, to be best man at a White House wedding, adds another chapter to a career already full of unusual experiences.

Dr. De Witt Scoville Clark, Jr., another member of the bridal party, is an old friend of Dr. Grenfell. He made two trips to Labrador and was Dr. Sayre's companion on their 100-mile trail across Newfoundland. He worked in the Grenfell hospitals while he was with the missionary.

Another usher, Dr. Gilbert Horrax, is a surgeon at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston. His friendship with Mr. Sayre dates back to their college days at Williams.

The bride's two sisters, Margaret, the eldest of the trio and the musician of the family, who will be maid of honor in the ceremony today, and Eleanor, whose taste is for art study and painting, are very congenial companions. The going away of the bride breaks up a sisterly comradeship, which Washingtonians have had many chances to observe.

The other bridal attendants represent school and play days in Princeton and college years in Baltimore. The first, Miss Adeline Mitchell Scott, is the daughter of the professor of geology at Princeton, William B. Scott. Miss Scott and the bride of today have been friends from childhood and have many tastes in common. Miss Mary George White, another bridesmaid, is the daughter of Mrs. Margaret White of Baltimore. She was a college friend of Miss Wilson at Goucher College, and has several times been entertained at the White House.

White House Bride and Groom

STATE ACTED IN BARBAROUS WAY

Senate Committee's Report on West Virginia Strike Hits at Court.

Washington, Nov. 24.—The rights of citizens under the constitution of the United States were overridden by West Virginia authorities at the time of the labor troubles in the Paint and Cabin Creek mining districts of that state will be reported by the senate committee which investigated conditions there.

The report, it is expected, will be made before Christmas, as the testimony is all in and heads of the subdivisions are preparing their reports for the committee.

The committee will find that citizens of the United States were arrested, tried and convicted contrary to and in violation of the constitution and the laws of the United States. The federal rights of citizens, the report will say, were interfered with and men were deprived of their liberty by the state of West Virginia without due process of law.

No Gloves for Court.

The committee will deal in plain terms with this subject. Testimony will be cited to show that the state and state courts did not do their full duty before resorting to martial law, and that Gov. Glasscock overstepped his authority.

The supreme court of the state will be handled with gloves off for its opinions in cases growing out of the military rule in the Paint and Cabin Creek regions. It will be declared that no court in uncivilized portions of Russia ever went further than that of the state of West Virginia. As a result of the committee's report on this section of the resolution under which it is operating, additional legislation to protect the American citizen will be proposed.

Interfered With Mails.

It will be reported that United States mails were interfered with and obstructed in the Paint and Cabin Creek coal fields during the strike and enforcement of martial law. Soldiers acted under the authority of the state and kept persons from getting their mail from the postoffice.

That peonage was practiced by persons taking strike breakers to the coal fields will be reported.

Firearms, the report will show, were shipped and carried by hand into the Paint Creek district by operators and miners.

JOHN D. FOUGHT TAMMANY

Contributes $5,000 to Campaign Fund of Mayor-Elect Mitchel.

New York, Nov. 24.—The total cost of the fusion campaign that resulted in the election of John Purroy Mitchel as mayor of New York ... was $129,519, according to the report of Charles L. Bernheimer, treasurer of the citizens' municipal committee, made public last night.

Among the large contributors to the fund were Andrew Carnegie, $7,500; Jacob H. Schiff, $6,000, and Cleveland H. Dodge, George W. Perkins and John D. Rockefeller, $5,000 each.

Many women contributed. The committee collected a total of $131,787, leaving a balance in the treasury of $2,268.

'POSSUM AS A WEDDING GIFT

Shroud Him in Yellow Yams, Is Advice of Sender.

Washington, Nov. 22.—Among the wedding gifts received at the White House today was a live 'possum addressed to President Wilson.

"We have noticed," wrote Dr. W. H. Wood, of Roxie, Miss., "that you have been receiving 'possum without potatoes and potatoes with 'possum. Hoping that your potatoes have not been exhausted, we are sending you another 'possum. If you think it is worth while turn him over to the zoo, but otherwise shroud him in yellow yams."

The letter also described the animal as a "grave yard 'possum." President Wilson had it shipped to the zoo.

WHAT IS FRIED CHICKEN?

If It Is Fresh Meat Parcel Post Shipment Will Be Limited.

Washington, Nov. 24.—Is fried chicken fresh meat? This apparently simple question, propounded by a Colorado postmaster, is puzzling officials of the postoffice department. If it is "fresh meat," then it will be limited in its shipment by parcel post to the second zone. While there has been no ruling, officials of the classification division thought that it all depended on the cooking. If it is nice and brown it would not come under the restrictions, it was believed. But if the cooking was slight it would.

You Can Make $8.00 PER 100 COLLECTING your neighbors names for us. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and outfit. We want a million more quick. WATSON & CO., McKINLEY PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.

This Razor FREE SEND NO MONEY

We will give one $2.00 Razor free of charge to the first customer in each locality. Send no postage and we will send Razor for a 15 days trial. If you wish to keep it send us $1.80 for our High-Grade Strop, Hone and Brush and the Razor is yours. Address GENEVA SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 160 CHICAGO

$2.95

20 YEAR GUARANTEE

Full 7 Jeweled

Genuine seven jewels Railroad watch worth $15 to anyone who requires an absolutely reliable timekeeper and a watch that will last a lifetime. Accurate on dial, stamped and guaranteed seven jewels, breguet hairspring, patent regulator, quick train. Fitted in heavy or medium weight solid gent silver dustproof screw case, both case and works absolutely guaranteed for 20 years. To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great catalogue of High watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail, postpaid for ONLY $2.95. Send this advertisement with $2.95 and watch will be sent to you by return mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send $2.95 today. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 638 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SAYS ROADS FEEL COST OF LIVING

President of B. & O. Argues That Railways Must Increase Rates.

Washington, Nov. 24.—That the railroads of the country have felt the burden of the increased cost of living, like all other enterprises or individuals, "but unlike all others have not been permitted so far to raise their prices or adjust their charges in recognition of that burden," was the declaration of Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, arguing today before the Interstate Commerce Commission for authority to increase freight rates approximately five per cent in the territory east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers.

Lack of Confidence.

Referring to the refusal of the commission in 1910, to grant a 10 per cent increase and the promise to reinvestigate the rate question in the future should conditions warrant it, Mr. Willard asserted that operation of the railroads during the last three years was not such as to inspire confidence of private capital or encourage the support of private enterprise.

"It is respectfully submitted," he continued, "that there is at this time, no more important question before the people, nor one the correct solution of which will do more to stimulate healthy commercial activity and promote industrial growth.

Not Merely Selfish Matter.

"It is a mistake to think that the problem is merely a question of dividends to railroad stockholders, although that feature is, of course, involved. The problem in a broad and true sense affects all interests, and the outcome of this particular case—whicheve way it is decided—will mark an epoch, because it will, in effect, very largely determine whether we shall, as in the past, continue to look to private capital and private enterprise for our transportation requirements, or be compelled finally to accept the only alternative possible."

SEES DISASTER IN 1914

Parisian Seeress Foresees Floods, Riots and Politics.

Paris, Nov. 24.—Following are some of the predictions of 1914 made by Mme. Thebes, Paris' most widely known seeress.

The planet Mars will predominate with war always menacing.

London will be threatened by floods; a terrible catastrophy resulting from the inundations will arouse the pity of the civilized world.

The Portuguese monarchy will be restored.

Austria will be troubled with serious riots; there will be bloodshed in the streets of Vienna; in Hungary the situation will be even worse and the Austro-Hungarian dynasty will be in grave peril.

Germany will experience a severe upheaval which will bring great changes in that country.

Italy will see a new pope more friendly to the monarchy.

Russia will act as peacemaker in the Balkans.

France will be afflicted by scandals, riots, bloodshed and industrial troubles, but Paris will have a favorable year.

No disaster of any kind is foreseen for America.

ENGLISH MOB BECAME FURIOUS WITH ARSONETTES

Oxford, England, Nov. 21.—Vengeance was promptly visited on the suffragettes who early today set fire to a great lumber yard on the Thames near Oxford. While the lumber was still burning, the offices of the suffragette society in this city was raided and wrecked by a mob. All the furniture and a collection of suffragette literature were thrown into the streets. The lamage done by the lumber yard fire amounted to $100,000.

Postcards and placards left on the scene indicated that the blaze was set by a militant arson squad. Inscriptions on the placards included:

"Send the bill to Chancellor Lloyd-George tonight" and "Democracy never has been a menace to property"—a quotation from one of Lloyd-George's speeches.

Lloyd-George is here today on a visit.

CUT OUT DANCING THE TANGO

Diplomatic Circle in Berlin Follow Lead of Kaiser.

Berlin, Nov. 24.—Emperor Williams' edict forbidding German army and navy officials to dance the tango and other steps while in uniform has been taken to heart here, and the same rule has been introduced throughout the diplomatic circle.

A hurried change was made today in the program for the dance to be held after the Thanksgiving dinner of the American colony.

WILSON MESSAGE TO HIT ON MEXICO

President Reiterates Belief That Huerta Government Crumbles.

Washington, Nov. 24. — President Wilson's belief that the Huerta government slowly is crumbling was reiterated today at the White House. Discussing the situation generally, the President pointed out that the local press in Mexico City could print, uncontradicted, baseless statements as to the future intentions of the United States.

As evidence of the ability of the Huerta government to spread any impression it pleased through the Mexican press, the President referred incidently to optimistic predictions during the last few days in Mexican newspapers, that recognition of the Huerta government by the United States was forthcoming. The Washington government, it is known, is irrevocably determined under no circumstances to recognize Huerta.

There were no new developments today in the situation generally, according to White House officials, but added interest was developed in the President's forthcoming annual message which he will read to congress. Among the subjects to be discussed will be included a statement giving the status of the Mexican situation. The President indicated that he would keep his message abreast of developments in Mexico, so that his presentation of events would be up to the day of delivery.

Mr. Wilson expressed satisfaction today over the attitude of foreign governments, and indicated it was wholly friendly and showed a desire to co-operate with the United States wherever possible.

HORSE THROWS GEN. WOOD

Charger Spills Head of Army When He Balks at Ditch.

Washington, Nov. 24.—Maj. Gen Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the United States army, narrowly escaped serious injury today when he was thrown from his horse on the Fort Meyer parade ground.

The general's horse balked at a ditch jump, throwing its rider over backward for a nasty fall.

Miss Louisita Wood, the general's daughter, who accompanied him, rendered first aid to her father, who soon regained consciousness and insisted upon remounting to take his horse back to the stable.

GRAFTS LIVING ORGAN

Tissue Shifted From One Animal to Another.

Washington, Nov. 21.—Removal of living organs, their preservation in "cold storage," and their final refunctioning in the bodies of other animals of the same species are described in the report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1912, just issued.

R. Legendre, of the Museum of Natural History at Paris, is the author who deals with grafting organs and he describes many operations which, proving successful, have established his theory. Muscular tissue may also be transferred, he declares. Thus, sound muscles of the organs can be used to replace diseased ones.

Discusses Life and Matter.

This is only one feature of the report, which takes a broad survey of science. Another paper, that by Dr. E. A. Schaffer, declares that the problems of "life and matter are strikingly similar." General results tend to show, he asserts, that living beings are governed by laws identical with those that govern inanimate matter. Natural death, not due to disease, should be quiet and painless, he says.

From such problems as these the report shifts from "Holes in the Air," which are declared by the writer to affect the aviator much as holes or vacuities would elsewhere, though they are not real holes, of course, but changes in air currents.

The author, W. J. Humphreys, professor of meterological physics in the weather bureau, describes air currents as like "breakers," "eddies," "torrents" and "billows." All these, he declares, are less effective as the speed of the aeroplane increases, "but this does not mean that the fastest machine is necessarily the safest."

Safeguarding of ships against icebergs is discussed by Prof. Howard T. Barnes, of McGill University, Montreal, who describes a micro-thermometer, which automatically records one-thousandth of a degree's change in temperature. Thus the approach of icebergs can be gauged.

Explains Oriental Music.

The mysteries of oriental music, the sounds of which are usually torture to Americans or Europeans, or at least seem "funny," are explained by Willy Pastor. He declares that the oriental is chiefly concerned with the quality of each tone and with very small intervals, while the occidental wants a succession of tones and the use of large intervals.

Roald Amundsen describes the discovery of the south pole and the exploit of the Fram's crew in reaching the "fartherest south."

Another scientist describes penguins, antarctic birds, as being like funny old men.

Still another tells of the scientific value of soap bubbles and how a bubble within a bubble can be made. This author, C. V. Boys, tells of various laws of physics which can be demonstrated and how explosive soap bubbles can be made.

There is a eulogy by Charles Nordman of the late Henri Poincare, noted French scientist and relative of the present French president. The statement is made that the French scientist was great in literature as well as in his chosen specialty. He is described as "a great inventor, a great philosopher and a great writer."

An article by Sir William Ramsay relates to the measurement of infinitesimal quantities of substance in which he details some of the recent efforts of scientists "to see the invisible, to touch the intangible and to weigh the imponderable."

Makes Reputation by Killing War Prisoners

Juarez, Mexico, Nov. 24.—General Villa, captor of Juarez, is making a reputation as a slayer, owing to the violent measures he has taken against the Huerta troops. His captives are shot down in cold blood.

"I don't want prisoners. They are too much bother," he says.

'LABBY' DESIRED WASHINGTON POST

Lord Eversley Tells How Ambition of the Famous Wit Was Disappointed.

London, Nov. 20.—How Washington escaped having "Labby" of Truth as Queen Victoria's minister is told for the first time by Lord Eversley this week in The Westminster Gazette. In the recently published life of Henry Labouchere the casual mention is made that the proprietor of Truth once asked to be appointed minister at Washington, and met with an unqualified refusal from Lord Rosebery. Lord Eversley was then a member of the Rosebery cabinet as president of the local government board, and his explanation of the premier's refusal to have "Labby" at Washington throws an interesting light on a British cabinet's work behind the scenes. Lord Eversley writes:

"In justice to Lord Rosebery, I think it ought to be known that the refusal to send Labouchere as minister to Washington was the decision of the cabinet as a whole. Lord Rosebery brought the matter before the cabinet at one of its meetings early in the last government of Mr. Gladstone. He read a letter from Labouchere to himself, in which the writer said that not having been admitted as a member of the new government, and feeling the advance of years, he had no wish to remain any longer in the house of commons. If he remained there his metier would be, as it always had been, to attack the existing government. It was the interest, therefore, of ministers that he should no longer be in the house of commons.

Would Give Up Paper.

"He had been thinking over what was possible for him as a justification for giving up his seat; he had come to the conclusion that the post best suited for him was that of minister at Washington. He was aware that the ownership of Truth was a disqualification for such a post, but he was a wealthy man, independent of that paper, and though it brought him an income of £12,000 ($60,000) a year, he was quite ready to give it up if he were sent to Washington.

"Lord Rosebery, having read this letter, said that if the cabinet was in favor of the appointment of Labouchere as minister at Washington he, as foreign secretary, would acquiesce. A discussion then took place, and it was decided that Labouchere's application should be refused. I do not suppose that Labouchere was informed that the refusal to send him to Washington was the act of the cabinet, not of Lord Rosebery alone. Certain it is that thenceforth there appeared almost weekly in Truth most acrimonious attacks on Lord Rosebery.

Attacks Kept Up.

"These attacks continued throughout Lord Rosebery's ministry. It was difficult not to conclude that they had as their motive to some extent the spretae injuria formae, and were inspired by the belief that the refusal of the Washington embassy was due to Lord Rosebery alone.

"I may add that I never believed that Labouchere, in his speeches in parliament or in his writings in Truth, was actuated by any desire for personal promotion to high office. Nor could I see any objection to his applying for the post at Washington, after being excluded from the new cabinet in the manner which has been stated, though it might have been well if there had not been a suggestion of opposition.

"Whatever any one may think of his career as a whole, his political conduct through life was eminently consistent and distinterested. But he cannot, I think, be acquitted of having occasionally made use of Truth to subserve his private interests, as I showed a year ago in your columns in the matter of his house and the Westminster Abbey scheme, and to make attacks on one whom he thought had wronged him, as in the above case."

PUT ON PHILIPPINE BOARD

Three American Members Named by the President.

Washington, Nov. 24.—President Wilson today nominated the three following named for American members of the Philippine commission:

Secretary of public instructions and vice governor of the Philippine Islands, Henderson S. Martin, of Kansas. Secretary of commerce and police, Clinton L. Riggs, of Baltimore, Maryland. Secretary of the interior, Winfred T. Denison, of New York.

TO BE TRIED FOR KILLING DR. KNABE

Indianapolis Physician to Be Taken to Shelbyville for Trial.

Indianapolis, Nov. 24.—Dr. William B. Craig, president of the Indiana Veterinary College, will be placed on trial at Shelbyville Friday for the murder of Dr. Helen Knabe, who was one of the most prominent women in Indiana.

On the morning of October 24, 1911, Dr. Knabe was found dead in her apartment with a deep wound in her throat. Life apparently had been extinct for several hours when the doctor's office girl, Miss Katherine McPrehson, made the discovery.

Various rewards were offered for information leading to the arrest of slayer or slayers, but these failed to bring results. Friends of the woman finally induced the council of women of Indianapolis to raise a fund with which to conduct a further investigation of the mysterious case. Harry C. Webster, a private detective employed by the council, worked for nearly a year on the case, and in December, 1912, he presented before the grand jury information on which the indictment against Dr. Craig was based. A. M. Ragsdale, as undertaker, also was indicted as an accessory after the fact.

Craig's attorneys asked a change of venue, and the case was sent to Shelby county, where the trial was set to begin Nov. 28. The date for Ragsdale's trial has not been set.

After the indictments were returned, Webster admitted that the case he had constructed was entirely circumstantial and that he had no witnesses to testify that either Dr. Craig or Ragsdale were in Dr. Knabe's apartment during the night on which the woman met her death. In the alleged relations of Dr. Knabe and Dr. Craig, however, he claimed to have found a motive for the crime.

Dr. Craig is alleged to have been positively identified by Harry W. Haskett as a man he met coming out of the areaway between the Vendome flats and the Delaware apartments, where Dr. Knabe lived, shortly after 11 o'clock on the night of Oct. 23.

TWO FALL TO DEATH

U. S. Army Lieutenants Killed by Aeroplanes.

San Diego, Cal., Nov. 24.—Lieutenant Hugh M. Kelly and Eric L. Ellington, first division army aviation corps, were killed today in a fall of about 80 feet in an aeroplane. The accident occurred across the bay from San Diego on the grounds of the army school on North Island.

Kelly was first lieutenant in the Twenty-sixth infantry, and Ellington first lieutenant in the Third cavalry, U. S. A.

Washington, Nov. 24.—The deaths of Lieutenants Ellington and Kelly today make a total of 15 fatalities from aviation in the government service, 12 in the army and one in the navy, and two army instructors, who were civilians, since experiments first began at Fort Myer in 1908. Seven have met death this year.

In aviation accidents of all kinds the world over 368 persons have been killed since 1908, this year's numbering 197.

Both aviators were single. Lieutenant Ellington was born in North Carolina in 1889, and his next of kin is a brother, J. O. Ellington, of Raleigh, N. C. He was detailed to the aviation service in September, 1912, and has been service on aviation fields at Marblehead, Mass., College Park, Md., Palm Beach, Fla., and Texas City. He went to San Diego last June.

Lieutenant Kelly was born in Kentucky in March, 1881. He was detailed to the aeronautics division last March and has been at Texas City and San Diego. He had been commandant at the Kentucky State University. He was a son of Col. R. M. Kelly, who was for many years editor of the Louisville Commercial.

GARY HAS MODEL SCHOOL

Washington, Nov. 22.—Picturing the school system at Gary, Ind., as a model for the country, Representative Crosser, of Ohio, today introduced a resolution to have a house committee investigate it with a view to furnishing information to the country.

Foe of Americans Is New Cabinet Leader

Mexico City, Nov. 24.—Secretary of the Interior Moheno has become chief adviser to President Huerta and his attitude is one of opposition to any demands made by the United States government.

He succeeded Manuel Garza Aldape, who was summarily deposed and sent to France when he suggested compromising matters with President Wilson.

Moheno's rise to the secretaryship makes the Huerta cabinet entirely anti-American.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE FOR 6 MONTHS—MY SPECIAL offer to introduce my magazine "INVESTMENT FOR PROFIT." It is worth $10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the REAL earning power of money and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, CAN acquire riches. INVESTING FOR PROFIT is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200. Write NOW and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 407, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 28, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Wanted—Persons to do easy, pleasant coloring work at home. Good pay. No canvassing. No experience required. Illustrated particulars free. Helping-Hand Stores, 5458 H, So. Halsted, Chicago.

AGENTS.

AGENTS $50-$75 weekly selling guaranteed knit goods for largest manufacturer in America. Established 30 years. Complete outfit free. Madison Mills, Dept. 1 E, 484 Broadway, New York City.

Men, women, sell Akos. Leave on trial. Trial is sale. Big pay. Credit allowed. Sample free. Horner Mfg. Co., 526 Pittsburgh, Pa.

$5.00 Raincoats. Agents wanted everywhere. You and many others in your section need raincoats and would gladly pay agent $5 for one. Why not be that agent? Boston Raincoat Company, Marshall St., Boston, Mass.

Wide awake agents make big money handling our easily demonstrated specialty. Write today for free particulars. Marguerite Specialty Co., Alderson, West Virginia.

$3.00 a day and over paid men and women for distributing advertising matter in their districts. Write immediately for territory. United Furniture Factories, 330 A.—S. Wabash ave., Chicago.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Man wanted to raise easy shaves at home. ... structions, dime. Barspec, Box 333, Seattle, ...

HELP WANTED.

You are wanted for a Government Job. ... to $150 month. Parcel post means many ... cies. Common education sufficient. "Pull" ... necessary. Over 12,000 appointments ... Write immediately for free list of positions, ... full description. Franklin Institute, Dept. ... Rochester, N. Y.

Are you ambitious? Earn $15 to ... weekly during spare time at home writing ... newspapers; literary ability unnecessary. Instructive booklet free. Washington Press Bureau, Dept. N, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

Virginia farms and farm lands for ... by Paul Aishe & Co., Elk Hill, Va. ... censed real estate agents.

FARM LANDS.

Government Farms Free—Our official ... page book "Vacant Government Lands" describes every acre in every county in U. S. ... cured free. 1913 diagrams and tables. All about Irrigated Farms. Price 25 cents postpaid. ... Publishing Co., Dept. 103, St. Paul, Minn.

PRINTING

Gummed labels, advertising stickers ... thousand $1 and up. Catalog free. Standard ... Co., 3011 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PERSONAL.

Have your horoscope for the new year, ... cast by the famous English astrologer, ... Lindon. For free trial reading send ... birthdate to Mrs. Maud Lindon, Dept. ... East 50th St., Chicago.

PRICES BREAK 23-YEAR RECORD

Food Cost Greater on August 15 Than for 23 Years.

Where Prices Went.

Following are the advances shown, as compared with the prices August 15, 1912:

Article—	Per cent advance.	Article—	Per cent advance.
Potatoes	20.0	Pork chops	9.3
Bacon	18.8	Hens	8.7
Smoked Ham	17.6	Lard	8.1
Eggs	12.6	Rib roast	7.9
Round steak	11.5	Butter	5.7
Sirloin steak	10.2	Milk	2.7

Sugar declined 7.9 per cent, wheat flour 5.5 per cent and corn meal 2.7 per cent as compared with prices a year ago:

Advances in prices shown August 15, 1913, as compored with the 10-year average prior to 1900 follow:

Article—	Per cent advance.	Article—	Per cent advance.
Bacon	139.0	Hens	73.2
Pork chops	124.5	Lard	69.8
Round steak	108.4	Eggs	66.4
Smoked ham	92.2	Corn meal	60.0
Sirloin steak	79.3	Butter	41.9
Rib roast	76.5	Milk	38.8
Potatoes	75.2		

Washington, Nov. 20.—Retail prices of food were higher August 15 than they had been at any other time during the last 23 years, according to figures of the bureau of labor statistics issued today.

Retail prices of the principal articles of food in 40 important industrial cities gathered and combined by experts show that during the year 12 of the 15 articles advanced in price while only three declined.

Comparison of retail prices on August 15, 1913, with prices on the same date in 1912, shows potatoes advanced 20.0 per cent; bacon, 18.8 per cent; smoked ham, 17.6 per cent, eggs, 12.6 per cent; round steak, 11.5 per cent; sirloin steak, 10.2 per cent; pork chops, 9.3 per cent; hens, 8.7 per cent; lard, 8.1 per cent; rib roast, 7.9 per cent butter, 5.7 per cent and milk, 2.7 per cent. Sugar declined 7.9 per cent, wheat flour 5.5 per cent and corn meal, 2.7 per cent.

Compared with average prices for the 10-year period, 1890 to 1899, every article for which prices were noted, with the exception of sugar, advanced. Bacon advanced 139.0 per cent; pork chops, 124.5 per cent; round steak, 108.4 per cent; smoked ham, 92.2 per cent; sirloin steak, 79.3 per cent; rib roast, 76.5 per cent; potatoes, 75.2 per cent; hens, 73.2 per cnet; lard, 69.8 per cent; eggs, 66.4 per cent; corn meal, 60.0 per cent; butter, 41.9 per cent and milk, 38.8 per cent. Sugar declined 2.3 per cent.

When the price of each of the 15 articles of food is weighted according to average consumption in working men's families, retail prices on August 15, 1913, were 66.1 per cent above the average price for the 10-year period 1890 to 1899; 8.0 per cent above the price on August 15, 1912 and 14.9 per cent above the price on August 15, 1911.

T. R. IN SANTIAGO, CHILE

Party Goes to Church and to Races in Afternoon.

Santiago, Chile, Nov. 24.—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and the members of his party attended service at the Anglican Church yesterday. Two thousand Chilean boy scouts also formed part of the congregation.

The American guests were present at the races in the afternoon, and at a dinner at the government palace at night.

ON TRACK OF STORAGE TRUST

U. S. Agents May Bring About Criminal Prosecution.

Washington, Nov. 24.—Agents of the department of justice today began an investigation of the alleged combination of cold storage concerns, which Attorney General McReynolds says, may be responsible for the high price of eggs and other products. If a combination is discovered criminal prosecution may result.

BLAST KILLS 24, HURTS 6

Officials Are Investigating Alabama Mine Disaster.

Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 19.—Complete exploration of the Alabama Fuel & Iron Co.'s mine No. 2, at Acton, in which an explosion occurred yesterday afternoon, showed 24 men were killed and six hurt.

State mine officials today are investigating to determine the cause of the explosion.

HEIRS

Thousands of families are wanted to ... fortunes. Many now living in poverty are ... but don't know it. Over 400-page index, ... titled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," ... betically arranged, contains authentic list of ... claimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised ... for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. ... Also contains Chancery Court of England, ... Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed ... dividend list. Thousands of names in this ... Yours or your ancestors' names may be among ... them. Send 2c stamp at once for free book. ... INTERNATIONAL CLAIM AGENCY, 8, Pi... burgh, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free report as to patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK and expenses to men with rig to introduce poultry compound. Twelve to fifteen orders daily easily secured. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 24, Parsons, Kan.

AGENTS.

PATENT Secured or Fee Returned. Free patent book, selling guide and list of buyers and manufacturers of inventions. Advice free. Send sketch. Sues & Co., Attys., 542 7th St., Washington, D. C.

GOVERNMENT positions are easy to get. Our free booklet X-1032 tells how. Write today—NOW. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

BE A DETECTIVE Earn $150 to $250 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 205 Wood Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri.

SONG POEMS WANTED We pay 50 per cent. Send poems or melodies; they may be worth a fortune. Hayworth Music Co., 786, Washington, D. C.

OLD COINS WANTED. $1 to $500 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1884. Send 10 cents for our coin value book. It may mean a fortune. ROCKWELL & CO., 3265 Archer Ave., CHICAGO.

36-lb.—FEATHER BEDS—$6. New, clean, odorless, sanitary and durable less feathers. 6-pound Pillows $1.00 per pair. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents wanted. Write for FREE catalog. Southern Feather & Pillow Co., Dept. 1152, Greensboro, N. C.

12 POST CARDS FREE We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will mention this paper and enclose 4c. to pay postage and mailing and say whether you will show our cards to 6 of your friends. Do it now. New Ideas Card Co., 233 S. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PLAYS For amateur theatricals, monologues, recitations, dialogues, drills, minstrel jokes and sketches, guides and all kinds of entertainment books. Send for free catalogue. Dramatic Publishing Co., 542 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

32 NICE POST CARDS different cards, a Good Magazine one year. The WHOLE THING for only ten cents. ROBERTS & CO., 3247 WOOD ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

WANTED MEN to learn to be Barber Trade. Big Wages. Always Sure of Work. We teach you quickly, cheaply, thoroughly. Tools furnished. We give you actual shop experience and you keep half the receipts. Graduates students in big demand. We have 33 big colleges in principal cities. Write at once for catalog and particulars. MOLER SYSTEM OF COLLEGES, 101 Prospect Ave., N. W., Cleveland, O.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS —Union soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 22, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If a soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights. I pay spot cash for these claims. Address (Comrade) W. F. MOSS, 534 First Natl Bank, Denver, Colo.

AGENTS A BRAND NEW LIGHTER. Novel watch-shaped ... Operated with one hand; gives instantaneous light every time. ... electricity, no battery, no wire ... non-explosive; does away with ... matches. Lights your ... cigar, cigarette, gas jet, ... Dandy thing for the ... vest chain. Economical ... Write quick for ... sale terms and prices. T. B. Brandt Lighter Co., 148 Duane St., N. Y.

IF YOU HAVE SELLING ABILITY and from $200 to $500 to invest we have a live proposition that's sure to interest you. A great big money maker for high-class men—$50 a week and up. Work is pleasant and dignified—you can readily interest farmers and other people—big money on every order. Country rights given and full protection. This is a real opportunity. If you have a small amount of capital and mean business write today for all the facts. Address S. D. Kretzer, 2151 DeKalb St., St. Louis, Mo.

KEYLESS PADLOCK No knobs to turn—no clicks to count. Press the buttons and it flies open—1,000 combinations possible. Operated as easily in dark as in light. Solid brass. AGENTS making 100% profit. Sells at sight—no competition. Write today for terms of free sample. A postal card will do. Address, Victor Specialty Co., 36 Cook St., Canton, O.

Don't Take 'Em Off! Crease them yourself in five minutes with the "Nu-Pantz" Creaser. Wear one suit constantly and always appear "fresh from the tailors."

A Big Invention Not as true but a practical thing that does the work almost instantly without ironing board, ... gang cloth or stove. Light in ... weight, compact, convenient ... as simple as brushing the ... trousers.

Write for free booklet which shows how to save many dollars and dress better. Get our low introductory price and liberal credit on cost of your "Pantz" if you'll do a little work for us at home—no canvassing—write TODAY. Address MODERN SPECIALTY CO., 74-5th Ave., Racine, Wis.